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THE HOME OF THE FUTURE: A STUDY OF AMERICA IN RELATION TO THE ARCHITECT: BY BERTRAM GOODHUE: FIRST OF SERIES

This Series of Articles will include Homes in the East, the South, the Pacific Coast, the Middle West and New England. They will all be written by Representative Architects.



IN our governmental, social and political conditions art can scarcely exist in its ideal state—free, equal. Things made by the peasants in former days were beautiful, but they made but little. People today demand too much; there is not time to have all of life beautiful, and to possess so many things.

Beautiful architecture is just as much in my mind a matter of inspiration as poetry, painting, or sculpture; in fact, I believe all art to be a varied expression of the one great impulse toward beauty. And today what we lack in America is poetry, in our architecture, in our painting, in our home making. There is no doubt of the fact that the people who make things in America have the ability and the intelligence to make them well, but these two qualifications are not enough—they only appertain to the technique. Back of craftsmanship must be the poet, and our machine processes in this country do not make for the growth of imagination.

The trouble in so many houses is that we want everything to seem rich and extravagant. We want money, and then we want to show it in our surroundings, and the result is we do not get the best out of our surroundings because we are not working toward the very best that mankind is capable of. Our money is not used for happiness, and so our houses, many of them, are too big, our surroundings too elaborate and inappropriate, our servants untrained and often vicious.

I feel that America has always been too rich. It would do her good to be poor through at least one generation, poor and anxious, with the need of tremendous effort. There can be no progress without struggle, and in modern America we do not have to struggle hard enough as a nation.

The great difficulty in building the moderate priced home for the man of moderate salary is that it cannot be made good enough for

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A house at Briarcliff, New York.

*All These Illustrations Are from
Drawings by Bertram Goodhue.*

him. The cultivated professional man wants just as much comfort and appreciates beauty quite as much as the millionaire. Now to-day you can't get comfort and beauty in a house for six or seven thousand dollars; and although you can get some comfort, you cannot get a great deal of beauty for ten or twelve thousand dollars. You can for this sum, of course, make your home sanitary and fireproof and in good taste; provided, of course, you are willing to do away with all elaborateness, with breakfast rooms, formal gardens, sleeping porches, with fireplaces and many other luxuries dear to the heart of the moderately well-off man. In building the simple house, the plan is the beginning of wisdom. The person building should himself study every detail of the plan.

Another view of the house at
Briarcliff, New York.




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He should know just what is absolutely essential for him and his home and what he is willing to give up. He must consider the best way to use every foot of space. In fact, the moderate house is successful in its appearance just so far as the outside of it fails to suggest lack of space within. After the plan is decided upon and economy is assured, the question of materials arises.

Here in America we have practically everything essential for the building of the home, for the finish of the home; from Maine and Massachusetts granite in inexhaustible variety and supply, from Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois limestone, durable and varied, from Tennessee and Vermont marble, white, variegated and in many tones, from New York State black marble; sandstone we find in Ohio as well as other States in the Union, red and brown sandstone

from New Jersey; for slate, useful in so many ways to the modern builder, we turn to Pennsylvania and New York State, and so on indefinitely. As for our woods, no country has a richer variety and apparently inexhaustible supply. Ash and hemlock and poplar from Georgia, maple and beech from Michigan, mahogany from Cuba, hemlock and cedar from Wisconsin, the redwood from California, cypress beautiful and durable from Florida, the oak from almost every State, East and West. This does not begin to cover the field of our riches from under the earth and from its surface, but it does give a hint of the local material at hand for the building of American homes. So interesting and varied are the sites in this country for home building, so inexhaustible the materials, so wide the range of individual interest and expression in home making, that I am bound to believe that, in spite of the war, in spite of our social and political outlook, we shall come into a better, more artistic condition in our homes, a holier state so far as architectural beauty is concerned.



In the cloister-garth, All Saints', Brookline, Massachusetts.

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Architecture, in the sense in which we are considering it here, first began to develop under the Feudal system, when there was conscription for art as there was for war. Yet these peasants had much freedom. If the lord of the manor rode over a field of fresh wheat, he could be summoned before the court, and in flagrant cases, I believe, executed. Following this time came the Renaissance period, when everyone worked happily and architecture reached its apogee. Then came the period of the patron and client, the time of the Medici and Masinas, and architecture, as we are considering it, was dead.

Today we have amateur patrons in art, men who do not always know art well, but who sometimes seek prestige through it. In other words, the man today is not so much a patron of art as he is one who patronizes art. Some of the very best

artists today find it impossible to advance their work without catering to society. The architect must be a diplomat as well as an artist. It seems to me for the future we have got to come at some system which will do away with this method, which will leave both architect and client free, which will set up, what is certainly now lacking, a bond of intelligent sympathy between



"The river door."

them. It is the boast of America that we have no peasantry. It is not our boast, but it comes near to the truth, that we have no art; and whether it requires people as simple as the peasants to make art possible, whether we are simply going through a transitional stage, which, as I say, demands so much that it leaves no time for beauty, it is hard to say, but in any case I am confident that the home of the future must be made beautiful by freedom of thought in the artist, by freedom also in the people who coöperate with his work. Today instead of having skilled craftsmen to work with the architect and builder we have the unions, who not only are not skilled workers, but have no respect for skill, no respect for art, and who are extremely destructive if left to themselves in any way.



The Parish House, Saint Peter's, Morristown, New Jersey.

Much architecture and indeed much good art, though, of course, never the best, has come to us through the centuries from the old idea of patronage. A community of workers as well as the individual artists were for many generations, or centuries, in Europe endowed for their work by the rich who loved art, by kings and queens, by women of wealth who loved beauty. Fortunately this is not possible in America. You cannot endow anything for the permanent good of a democratic community. Strangely enough, people who are money mad, as we are in America, object to endowment; the endowed institution only succeeds here in exceptional cases, mainly when it is under the management of foreigners. We have tried endowing our theaters and failed, we have tried endowing art and failed, so that good architecture and good art in America are going to depend very largely on the people themselves, whether or not they want it enough to spend their money for it, in other words to provide artists with the opportunity of making good things for the community.



Another view of the Parish House, Saint Peter's, Morristown, New Jersey.

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

The house of the future will surpass all other forms of domestic architecture in that it will be the most sanitary, the most fireproof, the most comfortable. The very fact that we are a luxury-loving people may help us to devise this right kind of house. And eventually we will demand that the people who build our cities will be trained craftsmen. We will not accept the standards of the trade unions forever, however important the trade union may have been in the development of our business system. I believe, of course, that in this fine future we are speaking of there will be very little talk about art and beauty, people will not *plan* to make a house beautiful, but they will build a good house, appropriate and comfortable, and thus built it will be beautiful. I doubt if in the future we talk much about Gothic or Renaissance in our churches; in fact, very probably there may not be many churches. I can imagine that there may be a new great philosophy of life, and new, beautiful architecture to house it.

One of the great difficulties all over America today in the building of homes, I firmly believe, is not the architect or the builder, but economic conditions which make it almost impossible to get durable material to put into houses or good workmanship to weld the material together. The attitude just now toward all things is to squeeze down comfort and beauty, to give the least and get the most. We just want money, the workman wants the highest wages for the shortest hours, the makers of materials for homes want to sell at the highest prices. Naturally these conditions do not tend toward "a beautiful domestic architecture for a small sum of money." And this condition is almost out of the control of the architect.

For instance, if I am putting up a stone house I am forced to ask



A house near Greenwich, Connecticut.

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE



From the Post Road.

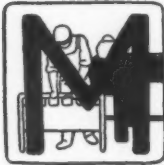
my draftsmen to draw large sections of the walls in order to suggest that unevenness of outline which makes for beauty, intended to merely suggest to the workmen what should be done. I find that we receive in return for our pains a "setting" drawing in which every stone in the wall is a Chinese copy of what my men have shown with every stone dimensioned and each shape slavishly set out. All freshness and originality of treatment, all beauty of spontaneity is lost. It is difficult to get a workman to do anything that is not of the ordinary, the commonplace. His standard is the smoothing off of all his work. This is as true in carpentering, joinery, in masonry as it is in stone laying. It is almost impossible to get into a structure that irregularity which expresses individuality, which to the artist is a very precious thing; but to the workman in stone, wood or plaster, it is something to be overcome—it is "punk" work.

In talking of domestic architecture, its possibilities in the future, its change and progress, I think you may expect me to say "Throw away traditions," but that I cannot do. I feel that we must hold tradition closely, it is our great background; as a matter of fact, good technique is born of tradition. We cannot start each generation at the beginning in our mastery of workmanship. The big universal progress in art moves on the wings of tradition. The nervousness about tradition in America springs from the fact that we have used it too much in place of inspiration, in place of solid practical thought. Tradition has made us a little lazy about our own needs and our own inspirations. I feel that we should use tradition, and not be used by it, if we are to do the utmost in home building. Europe has done and is still doing many valuable things. We cannot afford to ignore them; on the other hand, we cannot afford to ignore the kind of coun-

(Continued on page 543.)

THE LITTLE GARDEN AROUND "OLD MUDDER BETHEL": BY AGNES M. FOX

"This land that was desolate is become
Like the Garden of Eden."



Y schoolroom windows overlook the side yard of an African Methodist Episcopal church in the slum district of one of our large cities. Because of its unsightliness this yard had been an eyesore to me for a long time. One day the thought came, I'm sure an inspired one, "Why not have a garden there?" The proper consulting authorities, found after some difficulty, cheerfully and without price turned the land over to us for the experiment, but were skeptical as to its ever being a garden.

On the north side of this fourteen by ninety foot lot stands the church "Mudder Bethel;" on the west side is the street, and on the south and east sides are the back yards of a number of small houses. The unoccupied stretch of church property had evidently been the neighborhood dump, and our first work was to get rid of that. Dead cats and bones were buried, papers, rags, and old shoes burned, and broken bottles, tin cans, and such like matter, to the amount of ten barrellfuls, were turned over to the ashman. Then with picks, for the ground was too hard and stony to spade or hoe, we prepared a small part near the street end, and in early November planted squills, daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips.

The children of the school were delighted with the gardening thus far, and throughout the winter the kindled fires of enthusiasm were kept burning by botany lessons, the making of lists of seeds and plants from garden books, and talks and plans for early spring days.

Before the middle of April the bulbs were blossoming,—blue, yellow, purple, white, and red. How delighted we were! We were still further heartened by a message from the trustees of the church, "We sho' lik' dem brigh' posies. We hope yo'll go ahaid an' mak' de yard of ole Mudder Bethel as purty as yo kin, an' ma' Gawd bles' yer."

To prepare the ground for the spring planting was a tremendous job. It had lain untilled beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. To pick it all over was hard work, for we often struck patches of brick and cement, the remnants of long ago burial vaults. A boy could pick but a short time without being tired out, but we made it seem so interesting and desirable a thing to do, like Tom Sawyer and the whitewashing, that every one of the boys wanted to try a hand at it. Even troublesome Bennie, our most reckless pupil, who deviled us all day long in the class room, and pegged dirt and stones at us whenever we worked in the garden, appeared one morning with an old rusty broken garden rake over his shoulder. (We found later that he had stolen it.)



From a Drawing by Isabel Lyndall.

THE GREAT GUARDIAN of the city's peace looked so humiliated and penitent that I felt sorry for him as he meekly said, "I didn't know, teacher, that the boys was yourn."



EVEN BENNIE, OUR MOST RECKLESS PUPIL, appeared one morning with a broken rake over his shoulder: "Teacher," said he, "aint I never goin' to be let work on the farm?"



"MIN' YER ON BIZNES then,
guess her duz no 'bout flowers."



From a Drawing by Isabel Lyndall.

**"THANK YOU, but it's almost
my suppertime and I'll wait."**

OLD "MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN

"Teacher," said he, "aint I never goin to be let work on the farm?"

"The very first day, Benjamin, that you behave well, you may work a very little while."

Poor Ben sat all that day as if petrified, and after school experienced the joy of entering the promised land. He went to work with his old rake, and while energy lasted, was completely lost to view in the cloud of dust he raised.

TO work on the "farm" became quite a ceremonial for not only the children of the neighborhood, but the men, women, and passers-by gathered outside the fence and watched. Not being overwise in garden lore, at first this somewhat embarrassed us, but the sentiment of those without was soon found to be so favorable and friendly that we cast away all fear.

Late one rainy afternoon I ran over to the garden to plant a clump of rudbeckia which had been sent me. I then stood, apron over head to keep my hair dry, taking a general survey of my surroundings. At the street end, leaning heavily against the fence, stood a colored woman. Our eyes met, and she raised an arm and beckoned to me.

"Black Olivia Liz," I thought, and my heart sank.

She was the most notorious character in our part of the town, and was feared by man and woman, black or white, Jew or Gentile. I was afraid to go to her, but more afraid not to, and thankful for the fence which separated us, went slowly toward her. I noticed that she was much bedraggled as to skirt and was dirtier and uglier looking than I had ever seen her. It was raining hard, and except for my visitor the street was deserted. Somewhat beyond the stretch of her arms I stopped, and stood as composedly as I could, for her glare was terrifying. After a time she spoke.

"Teacher, Ah's seen a sight Ah neber expected to see, and Ah's fifty-two year ole."

"You don't look it," I said; "never tell anybody, and you'll pass for many years younger."

I had touched the eternal feminine. She smiled, gave a gleeful little ki-yi, and drew from under her shawl a dark-colored bottle from which she took a long drink and then held it over the fence for me.

"Thank you, but it's almost my supper time and I'll wait," I said.

She tucked the bottle out of sight and continued, "Ah's seen de white a workin' fo' de black."

My fear of her gone, I replied very cheerfully, "Oh, yes, here in

OLD "MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN

the garden we all work together, and later I hope there'll be lots of flowers for us all. Run home now, Miss Olivia, you're getting pretty wet, and come back some nice sunny day."

She thrust a big, wet, rough, dirty hand through the fence and I placed mine in it. She crushed it till I could hardly keep back a cry of pain; shook it vigorously, dropped it, turned and walked away. I watched till she reached the corner of her alley, where she stopped, took another long pull at her bottle, and disappeared around the corner.

THE fame of our garden spread and went beyond the immediate neighborhood. Fame brought friends all eager to help. Gifts of money, fertilizer, garden tools, plants, and seeds came to us. The Jewish morgue keeper and hearse driver delivered a push cart load of fertilizer from his stable in a nearby alley. The good missionary, who has a home in the country, brought a basketful of wild-flower roots, and advised the making of a garden of wild flowers, as all children should know the common ones. Little Italian Joe presented a single well-dried garlic bulb. One day while we were at work in the garden, a pretty young woman, hatless, but rather well dressed, pushed her way through the crowd of watchers, and when close to the fence called out, "Will you plant some of my seeds in the garden?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. What kind have you?"

"Gum seeds," she replied; and after a good deal of fumbling in the little pocket of her blouse found and gave me five or six nasturtium seeds.

Whenever plants were put in the ground there was much rejoicing among the young farmers, but seed sowing, though the process was greatly enjoyed, aroused but little enthusiasm.

A small group of children who had put in an entire afternoon making drills and sowing seed, gathered in a shady corner to rest and cool off. As I worked among some plants nearby, I overheard a conversation carried on in low or whispered tones.

"What she makin' us knock in so many of them little hard seeds fer?"

"Her thinks they's plants."

"Plants nothin', she's kiddin' us."

"Her'll never see them agin."

"Ah 'spect her'll mak' uns spill wat'r on um ebry ev'ning too."

"Shut up, her'll hear yer."

Then in masterful tones spoke one whose voice so far had not been heard, "Didn't her tell youse in the bot'ny lessons that in ev'ry seed is a sleepin' plant, an' didn't youse see the bean plant cum

OLD "MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN

outern the bean, an' didn't youse see the plant cum outern the corn?"

The doubters seemed abashed and made no reply.

"Min' yer on biznes then," continued my defender, as he squared his shoulders and doubled his fists as if for a fight; "guess her duz no 'bout flow'rs. Why, I seed her with a book of bot'ny's big's that." (Stretching his arms wide apart.)

"Time to stop work for today, children," I called. They gathered up the tools and a very quiet party left the garden.

After all the seeds were in the ground, we stayed away from the garden for a while, for there seemed to be nothing particular to do. But every morning when I came in sight of it I saw the space in front of the fence packed with children, a few grouped and engaged in loud discussion (which died out at my approach) but most of them silent gazers at the bare brown stretch before them. When a week or ten days had gone by, and not a sprout was to be seen, I felt that even the firmest believer was on the eve of backsliding; but soon after this, following a night of warm gentle rain, I was met in the morning by a most hilarious crowd, which almost carried me to the garden, now covered from end to end with delicate green.

One hot afternoon, about a half hour before the time for closing school, I sent two of the best behaved and brightest boys of the class to the garden, to pick up stray papers and tidy the walks. They had been gone but a very little while, when a bareheaded unkempt urchin, unknown to me, burst into the schoolroom and exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, the new cop has pinched yer two farmers."

"What has he done with them?" I asked.

"Taken 'em to the ——— Street station."

"Run after that cop," I said to my biggest boy, "and tell him to come to the school and bring the boys with him."

The alarmist and messenger bolted. The children sat like statues; the clock ticked loudly. Soon the mothers of the two boys tore into the room, both crying, both loudly upbraiding. Each bore a sleeping child in her arms. I began to explain the matter to them, but they were too excited to listen. My messenger and the policeman came in, and I turned to the latter.

"Sir, did you arrest two of my boys a short time ago?"

The great guardian of the city's peace looked so humiliated and penitent that I felt sorry for him, as he meekly said, "I didn't know, teacher, that they was yourn. I seen 'em in the church yard and thought they was trespassing."

It was nearly ten o'clock when I sat down to my dinner that night, tired, but triumphant, for officers, matron, and magistrate had all been sympathetic and helpful, and the boys were safe at home.

OLD "MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN

THE seeds must have been of good quality, for few failed, although the soil was very poor. We continued to add fertilizer which different neighbors sent us, and had the feeling that now we had but to sit back and watch the blade develop to ear and ear to full corn, but really our troubles had just begun. The sparrows gathered in flocks and greedily devoured the young tender shoots. The cats of the entire region made the garden their rendezvous and scratched and rolled to their hearts' content. They evidently mistook every plant for catnip, and every cat was a gourmand.

The frantic children shooed the birds and chased the cats, but the wholesale destruction continued. Often at great length I overheard them discussing these creatures in their relation to the garden, sometimes crediting one, sometimes the other with friendliness or unfriendliness.

One morning, Herman, a most zealous young gardener, met me squares from the school. He had been running and was much out of breath, but he looked happy and I felt was a bearer of good news.

"Oh, Miss Agnes," he gasped, "the *cats* are on our side."

"How do you know that, Herman?"

"Early this morning," he said, "I found a wounded sparrow in the garden, and I'm sure a cat bit it for pecking at our plants."

The earnest, trusting young face upturned to mine, touched me, "A faith so implicit" I thought, "must not be shaken;" so left unspoken my opinions of the ruthless old Tommies who were finding in our garden both vegetable and animal sustenance.

Two or three weeks later the plants which were not too badly gnawed were at the right stage for transplanting, and we occupied ourselves with that work for several days. Then just when needed a friend sent us a garden hose. The sexton of the church, seeing it offered his services.

"Ah'll water dem flow's ebry mornin' befor' sunup an' ebry ebenin' ef you'll let me use dat ere hose sometimes ter hosen de winders of de church."

I readily agreed to the plan.

He kept his word with a vengeance, for after the second or third watering, nearly every plant was uprooted by the amount and force of the water. We reset those which were not entirely washed away, and bought a sprinkler for the hose. Things then went better.

IN front of the church and churchyard is an iron fence. Except when the big gate is open for services the only entrance to the garden is by means of a little gate at the far end of the yard, so removed from the garden end that except to the close observer, the only way

OLD "MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN

to get into the garden would be to climb the fence. While I was at work there one day, a boy fifteen or sixteen years of age stopped at the fence just in front of the garden. He stood there a good while, and thinking that perhaps he was specially interested I went over to speak to him. As I drew near, I saw that his eyes had a vacant look, his lower jaw hung loosely, and his whole body had a listless droop. I said to myself, "I fear my visitor is a bit daft." I made some very general remark about flowers to him, but he did not reply and looked at me in a puzzled, troubled way. After a little he slowly raised his sleepy eyes to the high church steeple and studied it for some time. Over and over his eyes roved from me to the steeple. Finally he fixed them on me and said with a drawl as he pointed upward, "You're it what lives up there and comes down and makes the flowers grow."

"No," I said; "I don't live in the church steeple."

He continued his foolish gaze from me to the steeple and repeated, "You're it what lives up there and comes down and makes the flowers grow."

I went to the far end of the garden and continued my work, and after a little my visitor slouched away.

WEEKS went by, and in spite of mistakes and mishaps, like Mary's, our garden grew. Blossoms came as the crowning glory and reward. Our neighbors seeing the flowers began to want gardens and we gave them seeds and seedlings. In many cases 'twas but a starch box, tin can, or flowerpot garden, for there were but few yard spaces suitable for planting, but we were glad to have awakened an interest in horticulture, and so encouraged even the feeblest effort in that direction. It added much to our labor, however, for later we were called to go and inspect and admire each box, can, pot, and yard where any green thing grew, tell just when it would blossom, what color the flower would be, and how long it would last. How we secretly deplored our ignorance.

One dear little Jewish lady who had recently moved into our vicinity, asked us to go to her home and examine a plant in her yard. "Every morning," she said, "I for flowers look, but none I see. Do me favor, teacher, tell what the matter be."

We found there an old, old, lilac bush with scant, scattered unhealthy foliage and many dead branches, crowded in the corner of a small dark yard. Nothing short of a miracle would ever make it flower again. So we cut away the dead wood, spaded the earth about its roots, and set beneath it some shade-loving, blossoming perennials.

People in rather better conditioned sections of the city, quite remote from ours, attracted when passing by the bright blooms, tried

"MUDDER BETHEL'S" LITTLE GARDEN



The hollyhocks that helped to make the little garden beautiful.

to hire the sexton of the church to go to their homes and help start gardens. Flattered at first, he at length grew surly under the persistence. "Ah tells dem," said he, "Ah's de section of a church. Ah's no farmer."

One forenoon while we were all busy with classroom duties, this sexton appeared in the open doorway. Hat in hand and with every white tooth in his head showing behind the expansive smile, he stood waiting to be addressed.

We all stopped work, for we knew something was coming.

"Well, Hank," I said, "what is it?"

"Oh, Miss Agnes, de farm's beginnin' ter brought in money fer us. Ah jes' sol' a bunch of dem ere red posies ter a purty leddy in a kerrige fer her littl' gurl. Ah was stanin' by de fence when de kerrige stopp' un de little' gurl tole she's moder her mus' hab sum, an de modder show'd me a quarter, an so Ah sol' em."

"I think you might have given the little girl a bouquet, Hank."

"Well, Ah thot de money would help pay our expenses," he said, with the air of a partner who has just made a handsome deal for his firm. With another very broad smile he turned and tiptoed away.

No dividend has as yet been declared.

As I stood at my schoolroom window one beautiful spring morning in the second year of our gardening, and looked across at the "farm," I felt a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction. In spite of the fact that my Hebrew neighbor, a father in Israel, in preparation for our good Mayor's "clean-up" week, had thrown over the fence into our garden his eggshells, lemon and banana skins, and a goodly amount of other litter, that two tramp cats were sunning and sleeping beside my favorite rosebush, that a flock of sparrows was busy in the part just

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN

planted with seeds, the glowing red and yellow tulips and the hazy pink and purple hyacinths made a pleasing picture. Then my mind traveled ahead to the hot midsummer days, the most trying time of all in the neglected parts of a big city, where the squalor and filth and thousand unpleasant odors make it unfit for human habitation, but here is a spot where the weary wayfarer may pause in the grateful shade cast by "ole Mudder Bethel," and if he will, feast his soul on the hollyhocks against the old unpainted fence, the honeysuckle and clematis veiling the broken plaster wall, the tiger lilies burning and glowing, the nasturtiums, sweet and spicy, and the mignonette with its delicious perfume.

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN

HEAVEN is no larger than Connecticut;
No larger than Fairfield County; no, no larger
Than the little Valley of the Silvermine
The white sun visits and the wandering showers.
For there is room enough for spring's return,
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,
And time enough for autumn's idle days,
When soul is ripe for immortality.
And then when winter comes with smouldering dusk
To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth,
And hang its starry belt upon the night,
One firelit room is large enough for heaven—
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And eternal welfare of the heart.

BLISS CARMAN.

Courtesy of *Everybody's Magazine*.

PARIS, A MEMORY AND FANTASY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

Illustrations throughout this article by courtesy of John Lane Co.



USK came up from the lovely plains, where Paris rested in purple and rose shadows, slowly into the little garden café, nestling in the angle of gray old buildings. A tender light shone on the face of the worn Madonna in the shrine; lovers at the table in the rose arbor welcomed the shadows that crept along the walls. With twilight, silence fell upon the friends meeting in the fragrant garden, briefly, after years. The sightseers vanished away down the flight of stone steps that lifts Paris to the hill of Montmartre. Only a murmur of the beginning of the mad night life of the Quarter crept through the old arched gateway.

Louise sang again her tragedy in a doorway near the garden, and the little milliners from the narrow shops in the city below moved swiftly past to their night of happiness.

In Paris when silence touches the hearts of men, memory stirs. Beyond our garden gate throngs from the past moved with light footfall over the stone roadway, through still gardens white with lilies, over ancient bridges on swift, sinister errands.

A saber clicked on the stone stairway outside the arched entrance; gray lovers stood for a moment in the faint halo dropping from the wrought iron lantern. As we listen and remember, the light about us grows dim, and the beautiful city in the plains shines bright in her doorways and windows.

Slowly and quietly we come out of the old garden, past the little somber shrine, lingering under the lantern with our fantastic memories still alive. We start with the faint echo of a hunting horn and wait for burly old Henry the Fourth to pass by with his merry hunting party on his way to supper at the little thatched hunting lodge just around the corner—but the ancient lords and ladies are frightened by our interest and have



Through the way of the Patriarchs.



THE PARIS FLOWER MARKET: From
a drawing by Frank M. Armington.

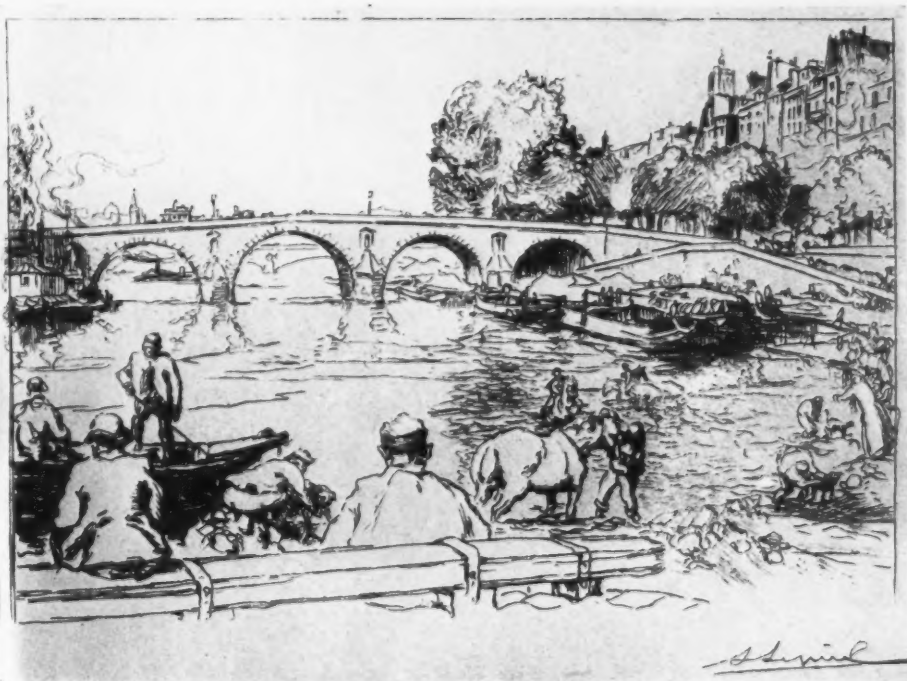


THE LITTLE STREAM at Gently: From an etching by P. Roy.

THE BOOK SHOPS
along the Quais in Paris:
From an etching by V.
Trowbridge.



WATERING HORSES
at the Pont Marie: From
an etching by A. Lepère.





THE SEINE at
Notre Dame, with
loved book stands in
the foreground:
From an etching by
Lester G. Hornby.

A VIEW of Notre
Dame from the Quai
Monte Cello: From
an etching by A.
Lepère.



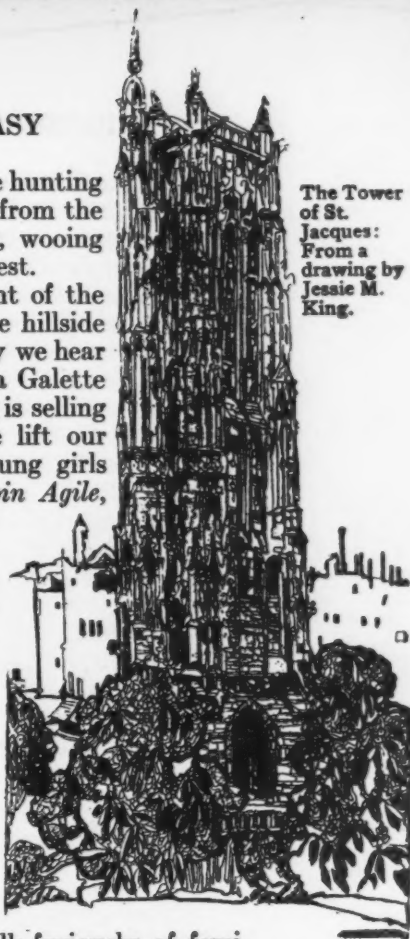
PARIS, A MEMORY AND A FANTASY

sped away to the *Cimetière Montmartre*. And the hunting horn proves to be only the flute of the shepherd from the Pyrenees calling about him his herd of goats, wooing them with wood-wind melodies to their night's rest.

For a moment we dream there, and the scent of the old vineyards is wafted to us, that once made the hillside purple and green; through the fragrance we fancy we hear an echo of fierce battles about the Moulin de la Galette—the people struggling for bread which the King is selling at prices to starve his people. And then we lift our eyes, and know that what we really hear is young girls laughing and singing on their way to the *Lapin Agile*, once the famous café of the Assassins, where strangers were lured and held for ransom.

As we pass down the hill we stop at the witching, mysterious garden of this haunt of the modern *Apache* and the revolutionary artist. Old Jacques plays his violin, as he walks about fierce and friendly, and in the dusky doorway a poet thrills us with the melody of his own mad verse, voicing his desire to annihilate all humanity except his sweetheart. A soldier in the shadow of the trees crushes a wild Roumanian model in his scarlet arms and calls upon us to drink to her surpassing beauty. As we lift our glasses they slip away down the flowery path into deeper shadows. The little milliners at the table sipping small *l'eau sucre* talk furiously of feminism, the tango, hats as a means of expressing temperament, and the instability of the best of lovers. They grow silent as Jacques throws himself on the long bench under the casement windows and plays with temperamental joy *Louise's* song from the loved Charpentier's opera of Montmartre—"Louise's heart was breaking too, no wonder she sang so sweetly in the starlight. Ah, these men; but what will you? Life is equally tragic if one is happy or sad—perhaps after all it is better if Jacques would play 'Come le va,' for in the tango at least one forgets death." While the milliners are thus philosophizing, a flash of scarlet goes by, the Roumanian model vanishes in the night, and the soldier does not follow.

With Paris rose and gray about us we pass silently out of the rustic gateway down the street of Roses and of the Madonna. It is a gentle night and we continue on our way over the Faubourg St. Denis, past the Place de Châtelet, then with memories of the old Ile de Cité



The Tower
of St.
Jacques:
From a
drawing by
Jessaie M.
King.

PARIS, A MEMORY AND A FANTASY

we cross the Seine and for a moment rest our spirits in the shadow of Nôtre Dame. We remember that nearby Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his famous "Divine City;" it is a divine city to-night—the beauty of the old church hushing the soul, the river bearing its secrets with dignity and beauty, the sky so close to the plain and everywhere memory infusing beauty with invincible life.

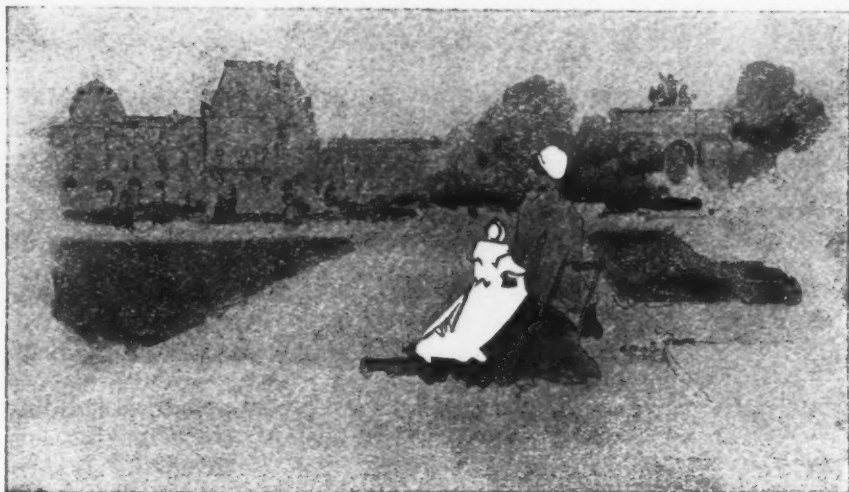
On such a night one lives for centuries in Paris, from street to street, from bridge to bridge, watching the golden river as it moves languidly and sullenly, wooing the sad and the broken, a refuge for the useless young and old, for all who have ventured too deep into life's dangerous mysteries. Along the quais we pass, stopping at the little bookshops lighted with the fitful gleam of candle or old lantern or flickering lamp, shadowy yet giving light enough for the stories of glamor and adventure, for the poems of passion and crime, for the revelations of dark scientific lure, for the histories of scandal and the pictures of the underworld that are here displayed for our interest, or our horror.

The lonely move quietly along the quai or creep down to the river's edge, seeking isolation for their burdened hearts, testing their love of life against the river tempting them to rest. We turn from the sadness and the intoxication about us, passing the Quai Conté, stopping for a moment below the "little window of dreams" from which Napoleon looked out as a young lieutenant on leave from the Ecole Militaire. Did his dreams, one wonders, carry him through

The Pont St. Michel: From a drawing by Eug. Béjot.



PARIS, A MEMORY AND A FANTASY



Resting in the Garden of the Tuileries: From a drawing by Eug. Bédou, R. E. the future, did he see the Pont Neuf with its never completed obelisk carrying its inscription "Napoleon, Emperor of the People of France"?

In the Latin Quarter again we tread the old streets of Napoleon and by degrees wend our way to the cheerful Boulevard Montparnasse, with its bright cafés, with its music in the open square, where all the "people," the domestics, the students, the milliners, are dancing the polka with sedate joy.

It is midnight and we join the dancers. The polka steps of our childhood come back to us; the boy with the violin under his chin has crossed the Alps to seek glory in Paris. Suddenly his music flowers out into a tarantella. A Montenegrin woman in Egyptian scarves and yellow roses in her hair, who has been posing in a nearby studio, sways through the crowd. The boy sees her, and lifting his violin close to his throat he pours out floods of barbaric music; the crowd draws back suddenly as only Paris can in a transport of delight, and we are in another world. The Congo flows by, cruel fires await their victims, vast forests hedge us in, fury and hatred and love reach us, and fear touches our hearts; a peasant girl in the crowd cries out, and the spell is broken. The Montenegrin girl, a little weary, takes the yellow roses from her hair and tosses them to the musician, then indolently melts back into the crowd.

The polka has lost its charm and we rest nearby at the Café Lavenue. Back from the street in the shadow, a young American girl is sitting alone at one of the tables, knitting industriously. She wears a Vic-

PARIS, A MEMORY AND A FANTASY



St. Denis de la Chapelle, Paris: From a drawing by F. M. Armington.

gray of the morning an ashen face appears in the doorway. The *garçons* flock about him. A moment later their aprons are thrown aside and they are on their way to report for uniforms. The little *cocotte* at the table near us bursts into tears.

(Continued on page 558)

torian bonnet and smiles mysteriously and never looks up. She seems to want to prove to us all that Paris is really a fold for lambs, that youth and innocence can remain in its midst unconscious; but out at a little table near the street a pair of bold black eyes watch her needles flashing in and out of the blue wool. In her soft blue veil she is different from the rest of us—she has a quiet lure of the Madonna. As she folds away her knitting, the ball of yarn rolls to the floor and out to the table where the watcher sits and waits!

Our glasses are empty. In the sad



HOME ACRE



HOME ACRE

SNUG sits my little house among the trees,—
Dear trees, that I have watched since infancy:
And many a night, against the starlit sky,
The graceful groupings of their leaves have seemed
Like boon companions to me, and have soothed
My childish griefs, and lulled me unto rest.

For years, each summer night I looked to see
One leaf-group silhouetted 'gainst the heavens,
That plainly formed two cooing turtle-doves,
Who each to other told of love renewed
As oft as night descended o'er the world.

Another group, Diana and her hounds,
Alert, and waiting for the moon to rise,
Stayed with me but two summers, and I grieved
To part with their companionship. Then came
A ballet dancer, and an eagle spread,
And others, changing with the light and wind.

And when I turned mine eyes, and looked within,
The shadows flickered on my chamber wall
In swaying motion, and I used to think
The kind old tree had clasped me to her heart,
And rocked and rocked me, till I fell asleep.

EUGENIA C. GILLETTE.

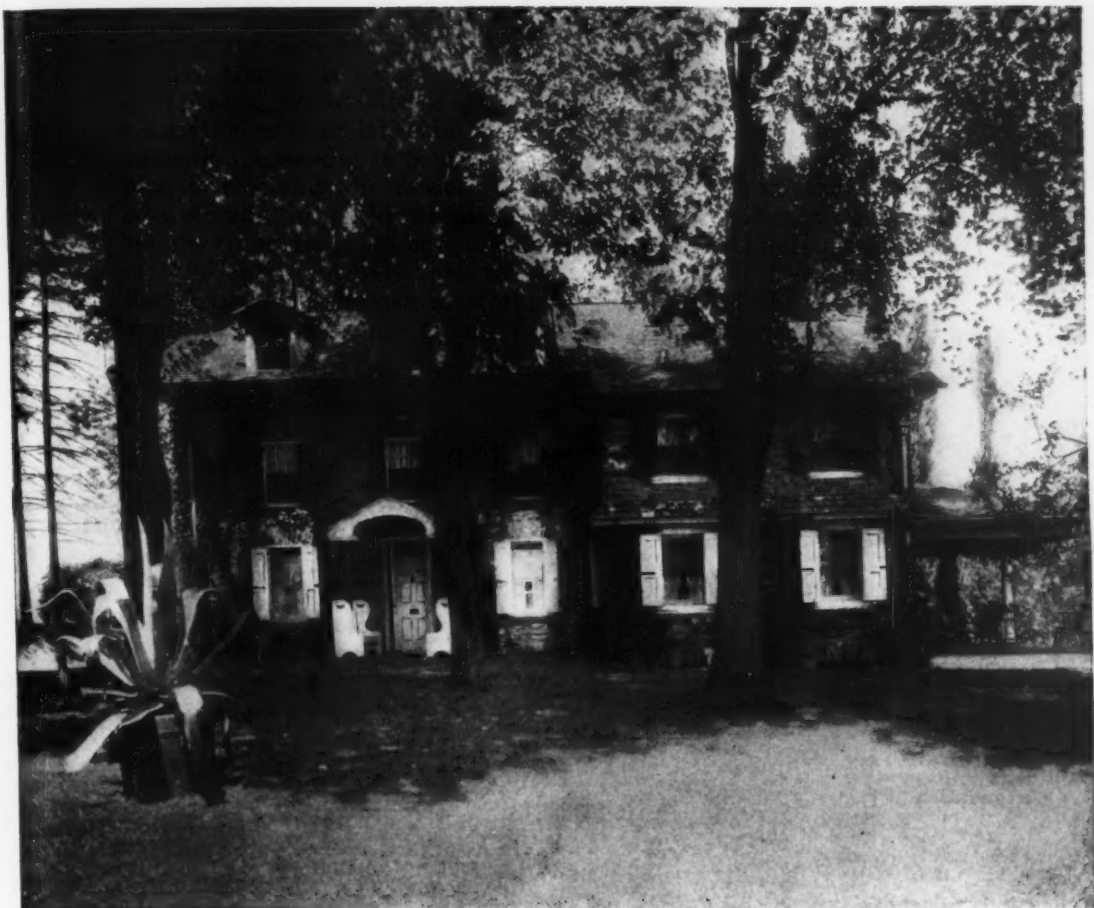
BLACK ROCK FARMHOUSE: SUGGESTING IDEAL DIGNIFIED COUNTRY LIVING



HOME contrived for comfort, adorned with the beauty of stately trees and old-fashioned flowers, made from the very stones of the hill it rests upon, wearing nature's own soft colors, hallowed by family association, destined to be prized more and more as the years touch it with ever-increasing tenderness—such is this lovely home, Black Rock Farm in Pennsylvania, near the college town of Bryn Mawr. It is a home around which the affections firmly cling, a place that even a stranger cannot pass without a glance of appreciation, a stirring of the heart and involuntary longing for possession. The great patches of cool shadows that hover over the doorway as though shielding the dwellers from too glaring a summer sun, the grass paths bordered by masses of flowers, the hospitable well at the door that somehow looks as though a stranger might venture to ask for a cup of cool water and get a friendly word of greeting besides, the broad veranda with tables and chairs showing that it is an outdoor room, daily and constantly enjoyed, all go to make up a picture of ideal dignified country living.

Houses, like people, bear the impress of their character in every detail, so that he who cares may read. Its past life lies expressed in many little ways; as the lines of a person's face, the stooping or erect carriage of shoulders indicate the way life had been met and greeted. Great simple dignity is expressed in this house. It seems to have ministered to the comforts of its people and been much loved by them in return. Unpretentious, substantial, with barns and storehouses near its wings, it appears to have entered heartily into useful service with its associate, the land. Doubtless many and many a harvest of grain has been sown and gathered into those barns and the sheds become fragrant with yield of orchards and the cellars bursting with good things from the garden.

One reason that this house arrests the interest is that it is an expression of its country. It is not only boldly American, but staunchly Pennsylvanian. The builder did not ostentatiously go to Carrara for marble, but quite naturally, suitably and wisely used the stones unearthed when the fields were cleared, and of them made his home. It was squarely built as befitted the material, thus conformed to an unalterable law of beauty. Based upon the forceful principle of the square, it was kept free from the meaningless non-essentials (usually regarded as ornaments) that cheapen pure lines. Its beauty lies in structural dignity and in simplicity, therefore it needs no superficial additions to give it grace. The front door with its restful-looking benches and informal approach across the lawn, just



Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

BLACK ROCK FARM NEAR BRYN MAWR, Penn-
sylvania, stirs the heart of even the passing stranger
by its atmosphere of home comfort and beauty: Built
from the stones of the hill it stands upon, it is a fine
expression of suitable American country architecture.



OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN at Black Rock Farm showing kindly provision for the birds in the little dovecote among the vines.

Grass paths and field-stones, great trees and profusion of flowers make an ideal garden picture.

AT THE RIGHT the wide veranda, which is in reality an outdoor room, may be seen and the great fireplace providing cheer on winter days.

The large windows assure abundance of light and air within, while the dormer windows suggest an old-fashioned attic filled with family treasures.



A SMALL PORCH used as informal breakfast and sitting room at the back of Black Rock Farmhouse: There is no separation between the lawn and the brick floor.

A rare good fellowship between house and garden is felt: Two open sides of this porch permit all the fragrance and beauty of the garden to enter this outdoor room.



THE WELL at Black Rock Farmhouse stands half in the garden, half in the porch, forming a beautiful picture as well as convenient article of constant use.

No frieze painted by man upon the walls of a banquet room could exceed the beauty of the ever-changing view provided by nature.



THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN, of Black Rock Farm, with its grass paths and fine old trees, shows that it has been loved and treasured for many generations: Such flowers and trees are not the growth of a season.

BLACK ROCK FARMHOUSE

a step from garden to house, conforms to the nobly unassuming character of the whole place. The wide veranda stretches out into the garden like a wing, drawing it close into the scheme of the home, forming a place half room, half garden and wholly delightful.

AT the back of the house is another porch built in a sheltered angle. One can fancy breakfast being served in this retired open room with its views of hills and trees, vibrant with shifting, flickering sun and shade. What decoration upon the wall of sumptuous banquet room could hope to equal in interest and beauty a living, ever-changing fresco painted by nature? The inseparable friendship of house and garden is most noticeable in the photograph showing this porch. The brick floor and grassy lawn are as one. Two walls are of stone, the other two wide open to the great out of doors. The well is half in the porch and half out in the garden. Vines at one side show that the garden claims it as its own, on the other side it is free of vines like the walls of the house. One seems able to wander at will from garden to house with no obstacles of steps to surmount.

Out in the garden a note of thoughtful friendliness for the birds is seen in the pretty little bird-cote. A break in the shrubbery gives a glimpse of the nearness of the house. The garden, no doubt, holds family traditions in its plants, for we see old-fashioned irises, peonies, funkia, hollyhocks, bleeding hearts. In such a garden we surely would find lilacs, syringas and the whole glorious host of daffodils, tulips, narcissus, familiar harbingers of the spring. Grass paths and field-stone steps, ferns, vines, shrubs and trees make up the ideal, livable, lovable garden. It is a garden such as the mistress of the house would work in or oversee, not a showy place cared for only by a salaried gardener. The house looks as though it had grown up with the land, for the large trees that overshadow it might have been planted when the house was young. We seem to feel that an orchard is close at hand, large fields for mowing nearby, and little lanes down which the cows come home. It seems part of the soil and of the country.

We have not had the pleasure of passing through its beautiful front door, so cannot tell of the arrangement of the rooms, but the huge chimney speaks plainly enough of generous cheer within, and the little windows on each side of it and the row of dormer windows tell of a great attic where, no doubt, all sorts of wonderful old things are stored—trunks holding great-grandmother's wedding finery, cradles, spinning wheels, warming pans, iron lanterns, cranes, old chairs and carved chests. We fancy the rooms must be large. We know they

BLACK ROCK FARMHOUSE

let in full measure of sun and air for the windows are broad and wide.

Looking at this house we are once again reminded of what we have so often spoken of before, namely, that dwelling houses should be lovely else they fail of their purpose and substantial else they would not be able to keep in safety the family traditions. Without homes that tell a story and hold history our country would be but a trivial place indeed. Homes need not be impressive, vast, magnificent, but they should be so lovely that they will hold our affections and stay in our minds as our sweetest memories. They should endow us with the spirit of contentment that gives us finest and constant enjoyment; not the lazy contentment that is but a species of inertia but the contentment that permits us to do our work without friction, that borders upon what we term the solitude of the mind, the quiet, from which all strength and inspiration is born. Those who as children slept within those solid walls and played in that garden full of flowers surely should find that all their ways were of pleasantness and all their paths were of peace.

WHEN we contemplate this house and seek to understand why its appeal is so compelling we remember some of Ruskin's inspired comments upon the use of stone as a building material. He said that the true colors of architecture are those of natural stone, that every variety of hue from pale yellow to purple passing through orange, red and brown, even green and gray, is at command of builders, that nothing is so durable as stone and incapable of losing its luster by time. He says that he recollects no instance when stone and wood were nakedly, honestly used that there has not been a marked, sacred character about it. This is partly because when it is simply used nature's handiwork is still upon it. If the stones of this house had been covered up by paint, if it had been "adorned" with turrets and battlements and such foolish efforts to imitate the noble old Feudal castles of England, it would have been pitiable instead of fine. Without pretense or dissembling it is just what it is, a home in our wonderful land built naturally and unostentatiously as environment, material at hand and home needs dictated. This house proves what William Morris has declared, "that nothing made by man's hand can be indifferent; it must be either beautiful and elevating, or ugly and degrading." It makes one believe that there is truth in the saying that a simple house, rightly constructed, can make ostentatious palaces look cheap and vulgar. Such dignified houses lift up the ideal of country architecture and set a standard that could be followed with advantage by all owners of country estates.

THE OLD COMMUNITY SPIRIT OF WORK REALIZED IN THE STUDIO OF LORADO TAFT



THE spirit that inspired much of the finest art in the world was in a great measure the outgrowth of community centers formed by the old masters and their students. Master and students lived and worked together in the old days in a relationship almost equalling in intimacy and confidence that of father and son. The students sat at the master's table, enjoyed the stimulating company of visiting artists of distinction, joined in the conversation and freely voiced their own opinions. They walked with the master beneath open skies, over green hills, by brooks and blue seas, studying color harmonies and composition, learning to observe and to memorize beautiful effects, continually receiving the benefit of the master's knowledge and experience. This close association developed the sympathy and understanding so vital in carrying out those large commissions that now stand as masterpieces of the world's art.

This magnetic association of master and students is comparatively unknown in America. Our students go to the schools through the day, receive a few minutes' criticism from the master, gather together in their own rooms in the evenings or at some cheap restaurant for the art conversation that is so important an element in student life. But these gatherings and the day's work are not under the stimulating and guiding companionship of the master. And yet there seems to be a revival of interest and appreciation of the wholesome, helpful, friendly, intimate association of teacher and student, for here and there are noted little groups of craft workers gathered around a teacher, all working toward the furthering of the art that seems especially worth while to them. A number of such centers of craft workers have proven the value of unified, concentrated interest and effort.

Out in Hyde Park, Chicago, is a group of students fired with the old spirit and enthusiasm, bound together by a mutual love of beauty as manifested in sculptured form, guided and encouraged by a great genius of the West, Lorado Taft. Around the nucleus of a stable loaned to them six years ago by the University of Chi-



Children
group for
fountain:
Frank I.
Ingels,
sculptor.



"The Spirit of the Woods:" Loo Matthews.

LORADO TAFT'S GROUP OF WORKERS

cago, Mr. Taft has developed a cluster of studios filled with a body of workers whose spirit and achievement are recognized throughout the country. All of the members of this interesting colony are now busily engaged getting out the model for "The Fountain of Time" that when finished and in position will equal, if not excel, anything of its kind in Europe created by any one man. Mr. Taft is being assisted in this stupendous undertaking by his pupils, some of whom have already won renown, much as the old masters were assisted in their work. The students help set up and form the figures, ten feet or more in height. Segments of the finished work are now to be seen rising like visions from the center of those large studios. In one room is a portion of the veiled women, in another playing children, in another a soldier and his followers.

This fountain, upon which Mr. Taft and his students are at work is to form part of a stupendous and magnificent design that will make Michigan Boulevard one of the most beautiful avenues in the world. Three bridges are to span a formal canal, representing the three paths of knowledge, to be called respectively the Bridge of Sciences, Bridge of the Arts and the Bridge of Religion. At half-block intervals along the concourse life-sized statues of the world's idealists and scientists are to be arranged like beats in music, pauses in conversation, notes of emphasis, leading up and preparing the mind for the great creation, "The Fountain of Time." This wonderful fountain shows a procession of human beings, rising and falling like a tremendous wave, rushing and pushing together, no one coming out from the crowd, men, women and children huddling together, passing in review before Father Time, who stands firm and immovable while the crowd surges by. Though there is something fatal and inevitable about this passing, nevertheless in this group of figures flowing rhythmically, there seems to be a note of joy, the splendid joy of life. The idea of this statue came to Mr. Taft from a line of Austin Dobson:

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no. Alas! time stays; we go!"

"THESE words brought before me a picture which speedily transformed fancy into a colossal work of sculpture," says Mr. Taft. "I saw the mighty crag-like figure of Time mantled like one of Sargent's prophets, leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hands, and watching with a cynical, inscrutable gaze the endless march of humanity—in a majestic relief in marble, I saw it, swinging in a wide circle around the form of the lone sentinel, and made up of the shapes of hurrying men and women and children in endless procession, ever impelled by the winds of destiny in the inexor-

LORADO TAFT'S GROUP OF WORKERS

able lock-step of the ages—theirs the fateful onward movement, which has not ceased since time began. But in that crowded concourse how few detach themselves from the grayness of the dusky caravan; how few there are who even lift their heads! Here an overtaxed body falls, and a place is vacant for a moment; there a strong man turns to the silent, shrouded reviewer and with lifted arms utters the cry of the old-time gladiators—“Hail, Cæsar! We who go to our death salute thee!” and press forward.” With such thoughts as these, and Lowell’s stately “Great captains and conquerors came out of the eternal silence with their trumpet blasts, their shoutings and their trampling of feet, and were gone,” Mr. Taft created this marvelous panorama of life.

The trustees of the Ferguson fund have allowed Mr. Taft ten thousand dollars a year for five years to complete the life-sized model. This sum he has spaced into monthly amounts and divides it up among the students who do all of the first rough work under his personal direction. This gives support to the students, who take pride in being able to assist the master in this work, which will bring renown not only to Chicago, but to America. It enables them to carry on their studies and be self-supporting at the same time, and without some such skilled help it would be impossible for one man to carry out the Herculean work necessary to complete this “Fountain of Time.” They did much of the first hard work also connected with the setting up of his heroic “Black Hawk” on the Eagle’s Nest.

When in the name of THE CRAFTSMAN I sought admission to this community group of studios, a winter’s twilight was touching the figures, calling out with its mysterious interpretative shadows a spiritual beauty not seen by day. At the far end of the first studio stood the magnificent model of the “Spirit of the Lakes” fountain. The last rays of the sun were anointing the head of lovely Superior as she tips the shell of her lake so that its waters overflow into the shell Michigan holds out to receive it, who in turn sends it cascading to Huron and Erie and Ontario until it is finally received by the river St. Lawrence, represented by swirls half hidden in the rapidly rising shadows. The light was caught again by the water of a little pool that lay at peace in the center of the room, no longer rippled by the fountain that plays through the day.

There was something that arrested instant attention about this entrance studio, something vital, sweet and compelling in the atmosphere, which in a measure was understood as I walked from room to room of this rambling group of workshops. In every studio figures of mythological gods, heroes of men, beautiful women and laughing children were half concealed by the hour of dusk. We went up stairways, narrow, though by no means as straight as the biblical way

LORADO TAFT'S GROUP OF WORKERS

recommended to penitents, to several lofts where students lived and worked. We went down through the "crypt" and came up into another large dusky studio, peopled with figures of Mr. Taft's creation, from which, up another narrow, steep and winding stairway, we reached his own vaulted workshop. Here stands that wonderful allegorical figure of "Silence," the mighty figure inspired by a custom of the Indians, who after having spoken at the council fire draw their hand, covered by their robe, across their lips, signifying, "I have spoken"—a majestic image of simplest lines and significant posture.

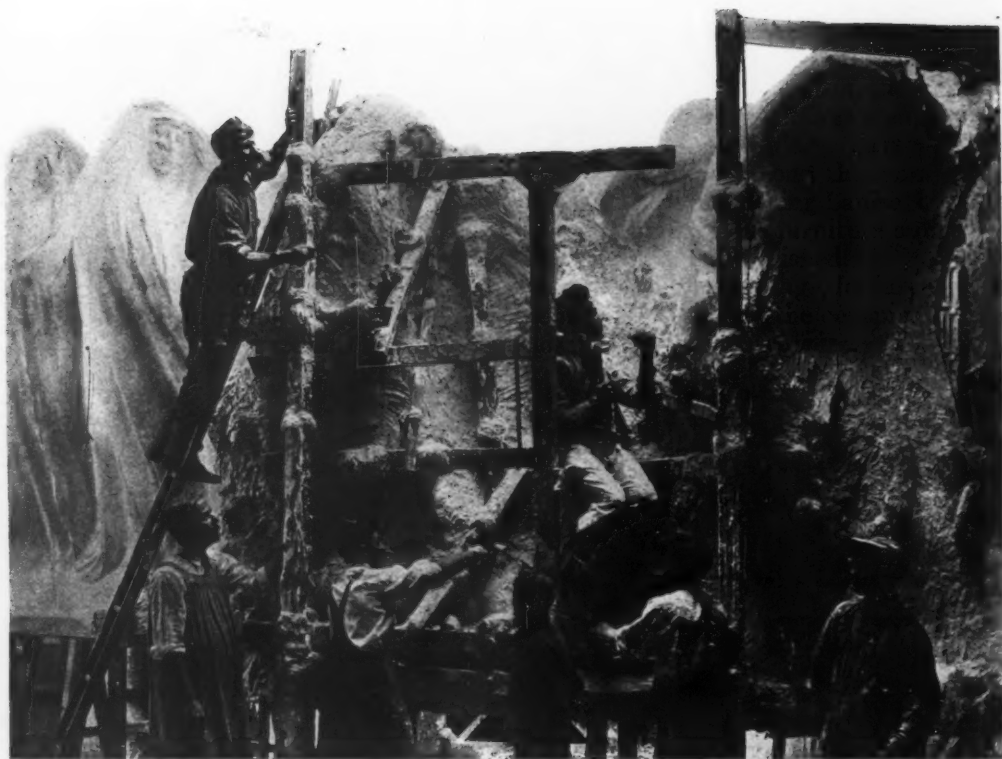
In this room also rests the model that lies nearest to Mr. Taft's desire, "The Fountain of Creation," that was designed to be placed at the far end of the eastern lagoon balancing the "Fountain of Time," which is to stand at the western end of this same lagoon. The idea for this magnificent design came to him from the Greek myth of evolution, in which Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, the only survivors of the great flood, appeal in their loneliness to Zeus for companionship. He bids them to gather the bones of their mother, meaning the stones of earth, and throw them over their shoulders. These stones by the will of Zeus became transformed into men and women. Mr. Taft has depicted the development of mankind from an uncouth, crouching, fearsome creature with eyes pinned to the ground, through groups typifying the evolution of ages, to the noblest statues of men and women, erect, beautiful, with eyes uplifted, illumined with a garnered wisdom. The figures, thirty-six in number, ten feet in height, are arranged in twelve groups moving around a gigantic circle. They radiate from the crouching primitives through a progression of figures and attitudes suggesting struggle, growth and development of mankind. Between these groups, which represent both physical and spiritual evolution, will be cascades of water flowing into the large bowl around which these figures seem to be moving.

This story of the mental and spiritual evolution of man so impressively told must surely soon be given the dignified language of stone.

PICTURESQUE as any portion of the Latin Quarter in Paris, rambling as any Mediæval castle of romance is this group of studios with their large windows open to the sky. In corners, niches and upon shelves stand the models of some of the work that is known throughout the length of our land, designed by Mr. Taft and completed by the able assistance of this group of earnest students, living, working and studying under his direction. The tender "Solitude of the Soul," the lovely "Sleep of the Flowers," the graceful "Spirit of the Prairie," the rugged "Spirit of the Mountains" never



MR. TAFT AND A GROUP OF STUDENTS gathered about the "groaning board" at the lunch hour beneath the model of the Great Lakes' Fountain: The studio mascot dines upon cream from a saucer resting on the plaster swirls of the St. Lawrence River.



MR. TAFT AND STUDENTS CUTTING AWAY
the mold from a fragment of the great Fountain
of Time, that, one hundred feet in length, will stand
at one end of the Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

"INSPIRATION;" Kathleen Beverley Robinson, sculptress: A tender and beautiful memorial to Mrs. Milward Adams, owned by the Art Institute of Chicago: Miss Robinson, from one of the tiny rooms hidden away in the loft of Mr. Taft's studio, has already created many notable figures and for several years has helped Mr. Taft in finishing some of his models.



THE HIXON MEMORIAL GROUP at La Crosse, Wisconsin, Leonard Crunelle, sculptor, is shown at the left: Mr. Crunelle is one of the earlier students who gathered in earnest study under the supervision and instruction of Mr. Taft: It is just such groups, the work of young artists, that encourages the hope that in the future our cities will be made beautiful by suitable art placed in avenues and parks.



HEAD OF LINCOLN by George Ganiere, a pupil of Miss Mulligan who has studied for years with Mr. Taft and gained a renown of her own: This rugged, kindly head, vigorously modeled, shows a promise of future greatness, for it is the work of youth, one of a group who have studied earnestly and worked with Mr. Taft upon some of the great fountains and figures that stand as memorial to his genius.

THIS TENDERLY MODELED HEAD of a little child is the work of one of the students gathered together in this community center bent on creating beautiful figures and symbolical groups: These students are putting the best energies of their youth into immortalizing in marble the legends and history of our country.



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seemed more beautiful in their finished perfection than as they stood wrapped in the mysterious shadows with which evening was filling the studio.

Some of the students were still working with the aid of strong electric lights, loath to leave their dreams unfinished; others were swathing the soft clay figures with layer after layer of rough, wet, brown clothes. 'Way up under the roof Miss Cathleen Robinson was busy upon a design of her own. In one of the lower studios Miss Clyde D. Chandler was putting the finishing touches to her graceful fountain made to adorn her native city, Dallas, Texas. Other students were developing formal flower and fruit wreaths about the base of a pedestal. In one room Mr. Taft was at work upon the heroic figure for the "Soldiers' Monument" at Oregon, Illinois, the head, shoulders and arms holding the two wreaths already completed.

Back of the model of the "Fountain of the Lakes" is what is known as the submarine kitchen because here beneath the waves of the great fountain is a tiny gas stove and a few dishes. At lunch hour Mr. Taft and his students gather about the large table which they pull in front of the statue, beside the little pool where the seven gold-fish live, and eat their frugal meal while they talk of the work and receive the advice and criticism that is shaping their lives so notably.

In the summertime this school resorts to a forest not far from Chicago, a wonderful place, the rental of which is one hundred bright new pennies a year. This sum is carried by the whole body of students in picturesque procession to the garden of the owner, a modern patron of art, and formally presented. Round a veritable King Arthur's table, hidden among the trees that provide needed seclusion for work, little cottages, tents and workshops have been erected by the students, so that study may not be interrupted or a moment of life's precious gift of time be lost. Such ceaseless enthusiasm cannot help but express itself in splendid and inspired work.

Such friendly joining of forces creates enthusiasm, keeps bright the divine fire of inspiration that needs so devoted and watchful a service, quickens thought and stimulates industry. The work already accomplished has focused the attention of American lovers of art upon these students and their rambling nests of studios. This group holds promise of fine development for the future that will be watched with eager interest. When we are forced to contemplate some of the pitiable, execrable fountains and memorial monuments erected in our parks and city squares, we can but voice our hope for more of such community centers.

Rowen ducks.

In the farmyard.



BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF THE AIR AND THE WATER



LYING southward down the Milky Way is Cygnus, the celestial swan, bearing the lovely Albireo in its beak, its outstretched wings marked with the bright stars Delta, Gammon, Epsilon and Zeta. This constellation, one of the most beautiful in the heavens, glittering in that portion of the sky known as "the Home of the Birds," directly overhead near the luminous and familiar Vega, appeals to the imagination of poet and mystic more perhaps than any other because with its neck held forward for flying it forms a brilliant cross of light against the night sky. The early Christians considered that this group of stars was placed in the heavens as a sign of "the Cross and of Christ."

Swans sailing placidly on still waters with their white beauty reflected as in a mirror or circling high above our heads have always inspired the sensitive with nameless longing. Their stately loveliness and wild cries stir some faint memory, grip our hearts and set our minds wandering away in indefinite fancy. There is a Vedic story of a sage who by profound knowledge and holiness of life became a golden swan and flew away to the sun. No Hindu can see a flight of swans without thinking of this saint and his holy life. Wagner immortalized his thought as he saw swans upon a lake in the music of the *Ap-sarases* or *Swan Maidens*.

Euripides called birds "Messengers of the Gods," and truly do they uplift our thoughts when we see them flying or alighting by our homes, hear their piercing cries and tender love songs. We should make provision in our gardens for these heavenly messengers that bring us such beauty and joy, study their ways as we would any friend whom we wished to make feel at home with us, find out their favorite food and whether they prefer to occupy a guest room prepared for them under a bramble thicket, in tangled grass, hollow log or top-most branches of tall trees. By subtly given invitation swans will

BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF AIR AND WATER

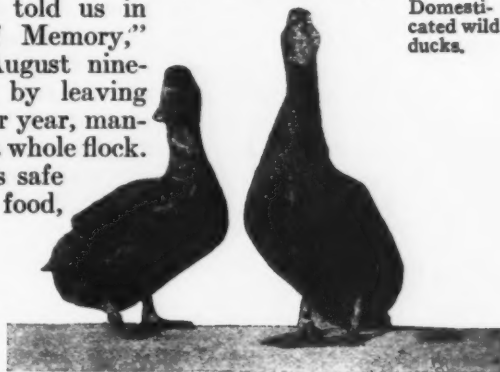
rest in their graceful beauty upon our pools; iridescent, jewel-colored ducks nest among the reeds in our marshlands, and even the wild geese will alight and sleep on our lakes, moored safely away from fearsome banks.

St. Francis in his sweet sermon to his "little sisters," the birds, told them to sing and to praise the Lord because He had given them beauty and cared for them with seed of grass and berries. Certainly they seem to heed the sermon of this gentle saint, for they are continually singing the praises of their Creator, and what more wonderful music could we desire at our doors than their Magnificats and Benedicites?

Swans readily adapt themselves to captivity if given the surroundings they need, that is, a clear pool or lake, and the seclusion of a thicket of marsh grasses and reeds in which to hide away their nests. They are the largest and most wonderful of all water-fowls, their flight is swift and powerful and the call sweet and far-reaching. Though living together in flocks most of the year, they choose a mate for life, and when the female is brooding upon the nest, the male keeps perpetual guard, defending her with vigor and great courage. The mute swan is the one oftenest seen floating upon the lakes and pools of our public parks; they are long-lived and exceedingly beautiful as they serenely float upon the water and daintily feed upon the plants growing in the shallows. The trumpeter swan is the largest of all our water-birds, and his wild, strong, high-flying, elusive habits make him difficult to capture, yet he can be tamed. They often appear by early September in our northern States and gradually work their way down to the warmer lands along the Gulf, and the lakes of Texas, New Mexico and Mexico. The whistling swan in its wild state breeds up on the Hudson Bay and the Arctic coast, flying to this retreat in flocks, making but few stops for food by the way. They winter along our Atlantic coasts. The cygnets are hatched in July and are strong enough to fly with the flock when the hour of migration comes.

Next to the swan in beauty and size are those wonderful creatures the wild geese, the wildest, most untamable of all wild things. Yet Will Levington Comfort has told us in the article "Somewhere Back of Memory," published in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, August nineteen fourteen, how Jack Miner, by leaving a field of corn by his lake year after year, managed to tame, to an extent at least, a whole flock. They soon learned that his lake was safe ground and always provided with food,

Domesticated wild ducks.



BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF AIR AND WATER

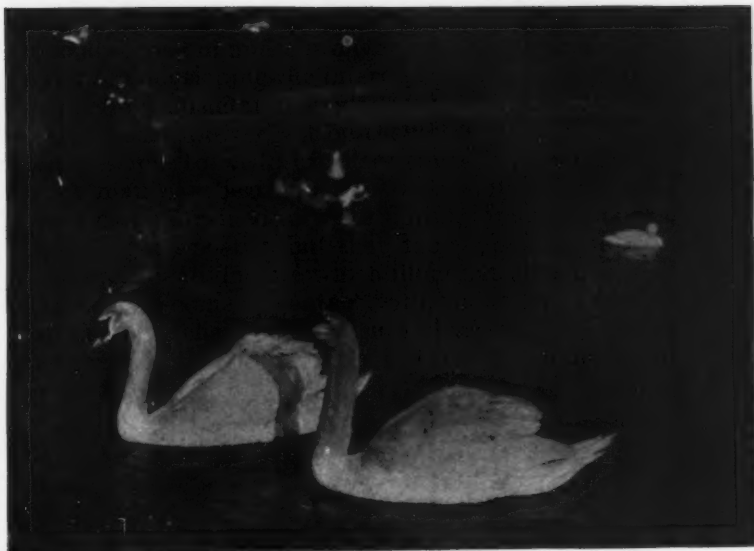
so returned again and again without fail for the cold winter months.

If forcibly detained geese will become tamed after a time, but lose much of their wild beauty. Herbert K. Job tells us in a bulletin, "Propagation of Wild Water-fowl," issued by the National Association of Audubon Societies, that the keeping of wild geese is simple. "The main requirement is a small area of water and a fair amount of meadow or grass land, enclosed with a wire fence, as described for ducks. The grass is important, as geese are grazers, and vegetation and its roots, especially grass, forms one of the main articles of diet. They are also fed grain of all sorts, as for ducks, which is all that they require, unless further experiments with such kinds as brants should indicate that fish or animal foods were needed to produce fertility. They need no housing in winter, a wind-break and bower, or a simple board shelter, being ample. Usually they are able to keep open a hole in the ice, even in severe cold-snaps. . . . Geese are naturally monogamous, and as a rule mate for life. Canada geese, however, captured wild usually mate in captivity after a while. In such cases the female is the more reluctant to mate, and is inclined to delay two years, whereas the male will often mate the next spring. Usually they breed when three years old, but some delay until four or five, yet they have been known to breed when a year old, according to A. G. MacVicar. . . . The most successful breeder of wild geese on a large scale in this country is J. W. Whealton, on Chincoteague Island, Virginia. He has flocks of geese of wild species, mostly Canadas, roaming around the island at liberty, feeding out on the bays and flats in winter, and breeding in enclosures provided for them. He is even able to hold and control the young when full-winged and able to fly at will. The system is unique, but might be duplicated on islands or large marshy areas."

"There is a fine thrill in the flight of ducks," not only to the hunter, but to those who love beauty of motion and of color. Many varieties of wild duck are unsurpassed in brilliancy of color by any bird, not even outrivalled by the familiar pheasant. Some are like scintillating jewels or exquisite bits of cloisonne as they swim about in pools blue as the sky. In the sun they flash like polished metal, in the shadows they are soft toned and rich as velvet. And they are exquisite in the matter of the toilet, preening their feathers by the hour, laying each one deftly in place with sensitive bill. These creatures, who so love the wild and lonely places, quickly pass the news of sanctuary along and congregate in vast numbers on the islands set apart for them by our government and by the private citizens owning large estates who have become interested in the preservation of these beautiful, useful feathered friends.

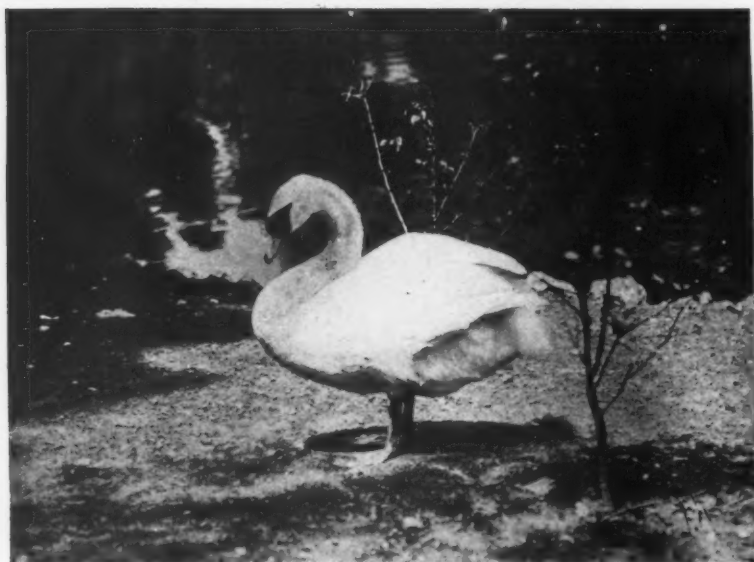
SWANS SPREAD

the snowy sails of their wings on the blue waters of our lakes and ponds as though they enjoyed their security: They make quick friends with children and bring great beauty to our gardens and parks: They are the largest and noblest of the great family of water-fowl: The White swan at the right is the most familiar cultivated species.



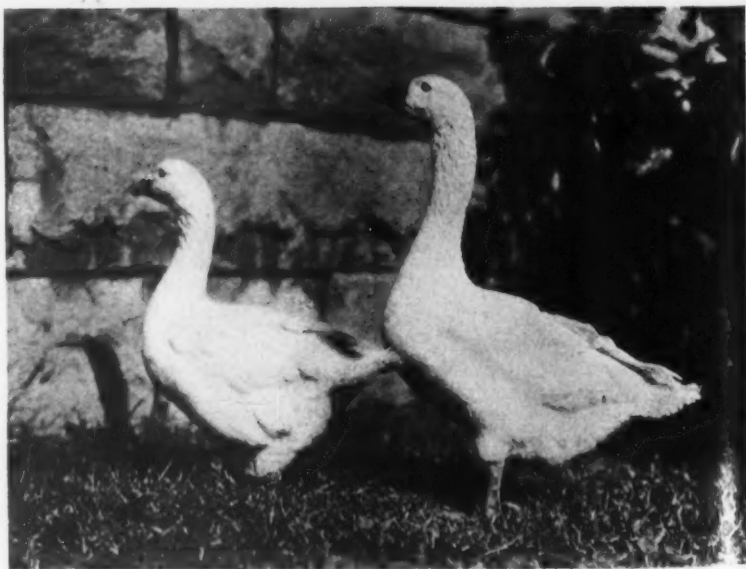
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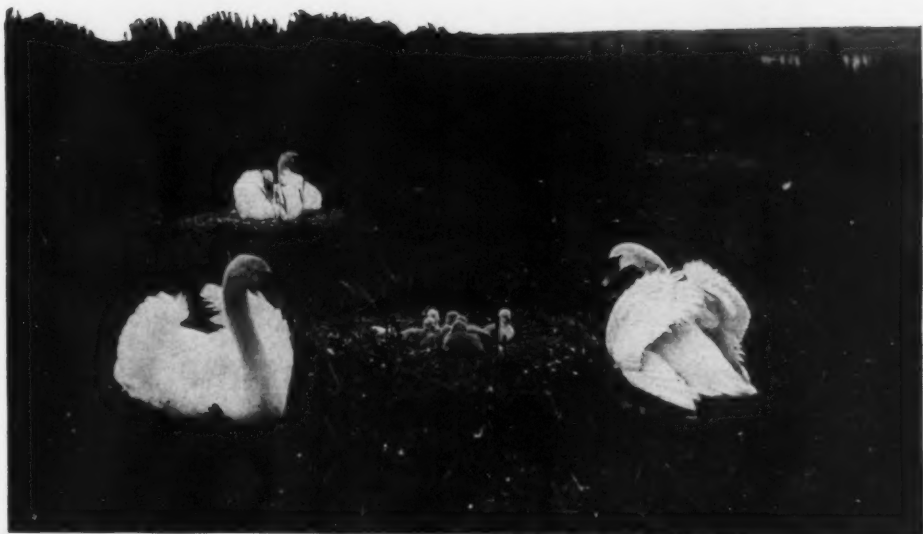
THE PELICAN SHOWN ABOVE is an interesting member of the water-bird family and is easily domesticated: The white pelican is not often seen except in the South.



THE WHITE SWAN, the variety most generally seen upon the lakes of our parks, shown at the left, is one of the most wonderful of all water-fowl: Its sweet cry, radiant plumage and long life has endeared it to us: It will nest in captivity if given the privacy of reeds and grasses.

EMDEN GEESE, a large white variety with yellow bill and orange legs, are shown at the right: They are grazers, so must be given a grassy plot in which to roam, as well as a pool of water: No shelter is needed in winter save that provided by a wind-break and bower: They are relatives of the Canada goose that does not take kindly to captivity.





SWANS OF THE ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY at nesting time: Though they live together in flocks most of the year, they choose a mate in the springtime and share together the duties of caring for the cygnets.



GEESE, next to the swans in beauty and size, are easily raised: Though the Canada goose is the most untamable of creatures, there are several varieties descended from them that have no memory of sweet wild freedom: The domestic goose is heavy and stupid compared with its noble ancestors.

Their cry has lost its defiance and degenerated into a mere senseless call of warning as though they begged for mercy.

WILD GEESE if forcibly detained will resign themselves to their fate in time and make the best of conditions offered them: The White Fronted and Snowy geese, even under the most auspicious conditions, are more difficult to tame than the noble Canada: Those shown on this page are domesticated species.



BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF AIR AND WATER

GREAT success has been had in domesticating wild ducks, and, as H. K. Job says in this bulletin just referred to, is one of the most fascinating and profitable of pursuits. "No expensive outfit is needed," he says, "not even buildings. The usual outfit is cheap wire-fencing enclosing a small pond or a section of a brook, with some adjacent land, preferably marshy, and an open shed or thatched shelter for winter. Food is simple and easy to provide. Water-fowl when properly handled are hardy, and seldom have epidemic diseases. The young may be reared with comparatively little loss when one knows the accepted methods.

"On large estates or preserves wild ducks of some kinds can be bred and maintained in the wild state. It is even possible to breed certain species successfully and raise the young in a little artificial pool in a city backyard.

"Two distinct classes of wild ducks exist, and they require somewhat different treatment. These are the *Anatinæ*, the ducks of rivers, ponds, and fresh-water marshes, and the *Fuliginæ*, or sea-ducks. The former are much easier to keep and to breed than the latter. Among them are the mallard or gray mallard, the black duck or black mallard, wood duck, pintail, gadwall, shoveler, the widgeon or baldpate, and the teals. The principal ones of the other class are the redhead, the canvasback, the two scaups or blue-bills, the golden-eyes or whistlers, bufflehead or butter-ball, the several scoters or sea-coots, oldsquaw, eiders, and ruddy duck. A beginning has been made in breeding sea-ducks, but the fresh-water species are those to which this bulletin will give most attention.

"A small pond is the first requisite of the duck-breeder, one preferably with good inflow and outlet. Stagnant water is likely to start distemper in hot weather, especially with too much crowding. A brook dammed up often makes an ideal arrangement, to which the flow of water constantly brings small aquatic animals upon which water-fowl thrive. Another way is to wire off a section of a brook in a meadow, or to fence off a part of a larger pond. For a few ducks or geese a small pond could be maintained from an artificial water-supply, as an artesian well. A small pond is much better than a larger one, especially if it can be drained and cleaned at intervals. A large body of water harbors enemies of water-fowl, snapping-turtles, black-snakes, large pickerel and bass being especially dangerous. A pond of one acre is of a good size, and three acres is large enough for any purpose.

"About two acres of land to one of water should be fenced in, including, if possible, some marsh; and grass, reeds, rushes, and aquatic plants should be allowed to grow long and rank in the en-

BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF AIR AND WATER

closure, and some bushes for shade. Most ducks nest in thick vegetation. They are especially fond of small islands overgrown with low cover, and having such in a pond is a great advantage. On the preserve of F. C. Walcott ducks and geese nest on platforms supported by posts out in the pond, just safely above the water, with board walks leading up to them, covered with grass, brush, rushes, or corn-stalks. The worst possible arrangement is to have the banks stoned-up and steep, and all the surroundings well groomed.

"The pond should be sheltered, at least in part, from the cold north and west winds. A protecting bank is good, or thick hedges of evergreens or trees.

"During the greater part of the year water-fowl need no shelter. Ordinarily a duck is all right if it can stay in water and keep its feet from freezing. When the pond begins to freeze the birds gather in a compact flock where there is most shelter from wind, and, by swimming around, keep open a small area. Where the temperatures are not excessive, as near the sea-coast, ducks are often kept thus the year around. In most northerly regions, however, there are occasional times of great severity, when, despite all care, the birds either get frozen in or become nearly exhausted. The most practical way to guard against such accidents, as learned by the experience of such workers as F. C. Walcott, Henry Cook, E. Aubry, John Heywood, and others, is to provide some simple sort of shelter under which the fowls can take refuge in extremity. On the Walcott estate they have a yard or paddock with a fence of corn-stalks to windward, and an open shed, with a thatched roof, and litter on the floor to keep the birds' feet warm. This shed is close to the water; and the fowl are frequently fed under it, and so learn to go under it in bad weather. Mr. Cook uses an ordinary poultry house near the shore, and drives the ducks into it at night in severe weather, breaking the ice on the pond for them in the morning. John Heywood has open-front sheds just back from shore, an ideal arrangement for wintering stock. No artificial heat should be used, as it makes ducks tender. All of our northerly ducks, except the blue-winged teal, can usually endure the cold spells of middle latitudes with the arrangements noted above."

FROM a tabulation of the replies made to the American Game Protective Association's request for data, we note that mallards, Canada geese, redheads, wood ducks, black ducks, have been successfully reared in captivity and placed in covers. Canvasbacks have been bred on the Rockefeller estate, and from the knowledge gained in these experiments future greater success seems assured. This experiment was conducted by Mr. Job and described in detail

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Pekin ducks, favorite domesticated variety.

in the American Game Protective Association's Bulletin, October fifteenth, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

Beautiful wood duck are easily raised if given nests to their liking, that is, raised a little from the ground, for in their wild state they nest in hollow trees. An ideal way is to drive a post out in the water, leaving about two feet projecting. Upon this nail a box with a little platform in front and a board leading from the water with small cleats for footing. The main point in raising wild fowl in captivity is to give them their natural food and conditions that correspond with those deemed most desirable to them. Their minds must be at peace. With some, nothing but an isolated swamp will satisfy their longing; some demand a marshy tract with little grass hummocks and plenty of aquatic vegetation. Mr. William Lockwood in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and Henry Cook on Long Island, by making a study of feeding and nesting habits have been able to raise a number of our American ducks, redheads, pintail, gadwall, baldpate, shoveler, green-winged and blue-winged teal, wood and black ducks, besides mallards and mandarins and tree ducks and several other alien species.

The pelican is another large interesting water bird that may be introduced in some of our country estates, adding a picturesque, unusual note of wild beauty. The pure white species native to North America is rare save near the Gulf coast; but the brown pelican is quite a familiar resident of lakes and islands of the California coast.

BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF AIR AND WATER

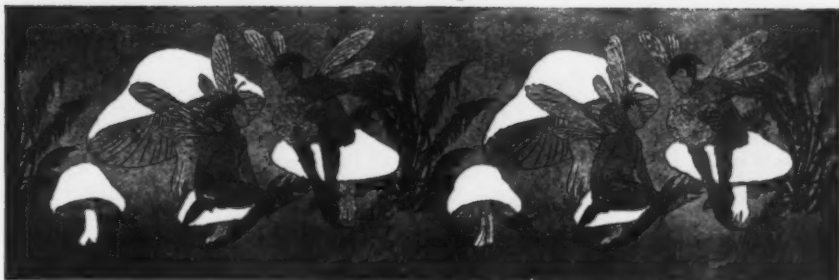
These can easily be domesticated. There is a legend that the pelican wounds her breast with her beak and feeds her young with her blood. Because of this fable the pelican in early Mediæval art was used as a symbol of self-sacrifice. Herons, cranes, coots have also been coaxed to a degree of familiarity, though experiments with them have not been extensive.

Our country needs such sanctuaries not only for their preservation of animal life but for their sheer beauty. We voice the thought of Archibald Rutledge when he says:

"Where the trees dip to the wide placid water,
Where the reeds bend to the stately slow tide,
Where the moon rises o'er leagues of dim woodland,
Glimmering greenly,—here may they abide.
Hither they speed over moorland and mountain,
Wary and valiant, far-sighted and brave;
Hither they come at the call of compassion,
Here may they rest in the wood, on the wave.
Beautiful wings of the air and the river,
Wonderful eyes of the forest and glade,
Marvelous voices a-tune with the dawn-wind,
Welcome, ah, welcome, to sun and to shade.
Here you may have the desired, the cherished—
Only the longing in freedom to live
Here in this happy place stayed is the hand of man,
Opened the heart of man,—refuge to give."

Through the efforts of bird lovers, a number of protected reservations of marsh and swamp lands not of immediate value to man have been established where water-fowl can gather for the long migratory flight or alight, rest and feed for a few days, or even where they can nest and raise their young in safety.

The Ward McIlhenny, Marsh Island given by Mrs. Russell Sage, and another given by the Rockefeller Foundation are notable recent acquisitions. The National Association of Audubon Societies have done wide service in interesting the public and government officials in this important matter of water-fowl preservation, nearly sixty tracts having been made federal reservations for the propagation and protection of wild birds through their efforts.



Wall-paper design for nursery by Isabel L. Whitney.

CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD: THEIR UNCONSCIOUS INSPIRATION OF BEAUTY



LOVE of the child has been the inspiration not only for arts that have given us beauty and sciences that have brought us knowledge, but for innumerable detail of comfort and convenience in our vast and complicated civilization. For the child's sake, that it might be safe from storms, attacks of wild beasts and jealous enemies, rude huts were constructed—thus architecture had its birth. That it might be assured food through long winters, nuts and seeds of grain were saved from the summer's yield and planted again—and agriculture sprang into existence. Forests were felled, fields cleared, clothing devised and clay formed into jars and baked in the sun for the baby's well being. For its defense, metals were forged into weapons; for its pleasure, games and toys were invented. No doubt, crooning lullabies were the first songs, for love did not awaken in the hearts of men until the child laughed. Self-sacrifice, courage, inventiveness, in fact, most of the virtues, mental and physical prowess can be traced to love for the child. Their helplessness created strength, their need called out resourcefulness. They have been the most important factors in the growth and refinement of the race, and in them lies also our hope of the future.

The tremendous wave of interest in child study that has swept over the country within the last few years has proceeded from a deeper realization of the relation of the child to the finer civilization. Child education, conceded to be one of the most vital factors in racial progress, is receiving the most serious consideration from the greatest educators in the world; people have awakened to the fact that environment and the play hour mold the ideals and stimulate the mind of children more surely than school study periods. Everywhere we find artists and craftsmen working to give them the unconscious support of appropriate rooms, furniture, toys, books, clothing and games.

CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD

The Art Alliance of America has recently held in New York City an exhibition of art, sculpture, ceramics, books, furniture, wall paper, tiles, toys, etc., designed and made for the pleasure and development of children, that emphasized with most inspiring force the modern attitude toward the child's education through environment. This exhibition, the first of its kind in America, was so significant of the universal interest in children's welfare that it deserves wide publicity. As an object lesson to mothers and educators, designers and manufacturers, of the tendency toward beauty and cheerful humor, it was momentous. No longer is a child dressed in unbecoming, "hand-me-down" dresses and given a corn-cob doll wrapped in a bit of calico to play with. Children's clothes are now fascinating in simplicity, individual in character and designed with thought. Dolls are marvels of beauty, dressed in the costumes of all lands, in silks, velvets and laces fit for a fairy queen. A little red chair that once formed the chief article of the child's personal furniture possessions, has shared the pleasant fate of Cinderella in the ashes, and become transformed into the most exquisitely designed and decorated little tables, chairs, beds, cradles and desks ever seen. There are fairy trees to hang little caps and coats upon, Noah's arks and pirates' treasure boxes in which to put away little shoes and slippers, Mother Goose animals and people on screens and curtains, or frisking in a merry procession around the room in delightful friezes. *Puck* and his pranks, *Alice* and her wonderful adventures, the *Princess of Oz* with her friends the hungry tiger and the friendly lion; fairies, elves, gnomes, figures of Scripture, history and legend meet in most cosmopolitan fashion, time annihilated and station of life forgotten in the mutual purpose of ministering to the joy and education of the fortunate modern child.

THE Art Alliance is a recently formed group of New York men and women interested in art and in industrial better-

Silhouette
design by
K. W. Diefen-
bach.



CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD



ment, whose endeavor it is to promote coöperation between artists, art students, artisans engaged in artistic activities and publishers, manufacturers and all users of art. This is their first exhibition, though much has already been done to encourage the arts and to raise the crafts to a position of equal importance and interest. Florists entered into the work of the exhibition with zest, created children's gardens around Janet Scudder fountains, draped the walls with greens and set little trees in tubs at gateways and at the entrance booths until the rooms were like a wonderland.

In a foreword to the catalogue of the exhibition, Earl H. Reed says: "The mind of a child, that wonderful vibrant, plastic and eager thing that creeps gently into the world, as a tender shoot pushes its way up through the moist earth, can be made to climb and unfold beautiful leaves and fair blossoms if intelligent care be given to it. It will wither and be lost among tares if kept from the sunshine and if evil things are allowed to retard and divert it.

"Our love of the beautiful can come only from long association with it. If we have nothing but ugliness around us we will be ugly ourselves. Bad pictures and statues, pernicious books, inartistic homes, repulsive architecture, unsightly cities, fearsome advertising signs that decorate our landscapes, savage living and savage thinking, make ugly people.

"It is only through development of the love of beauty that we may go beyond these things, and we must teach our children that they are bad and wrong if we would lead them to a better and higher life. If we give them rooms, toys, pictures, books, music, and companions of such a character that an artistic atmosphere is created around them, the love of art will grow naturally with intelligent teaching of their value in the world.

"Our most lasting impressions are received in early youth; and while we may have forgotten most of the things that have to a greater

CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD

or less extent affected our later lives, we remember our toys. The little red drum, with the crudely painted eagle on its side, the rocking horse, with mane and tail of real hair, fiery eyes and distended nostrils, the gaudy china doll with its long dress and solemn stare, that met disaster on the stone sidewalk amid the bitter tears of little playmates, the grotesque "jumping jack," and many other ugly things which we loved, are more conspicuous, as we look back through the vistas of the years, than many beautiful things that have been identified with our later life.

"The toys of youth may become the weapons of age. The small tin gun may develop into a repeating rifle and be sighted with cruel eyes from a trench in after years. The pewter sword may become Damascus steel and be thrust into the breast of one who should be loved, if he who wields it has been taught in childhood that it is better to know how to do these things than to rear graceful domes, paint noble pictures or mold clay into the expression of thought. If our boys played with building blocks and brushes instead of miniature cannon and lead soldiers, there would be less likelihood of war in the world.

"The Japanese, more than any other race, have carried art into home life and early education. The rudiments of design and the love of beautiful things form a part of the instruction of the very young children and such knowledge is considered necessary to an ordinary education in Japan. The environment of the children is made beautiful, and toward beauty they are carefully guided in their daily lives. As a result Japan is the most artistic nation in the world, and it will remain so until other nations devote the same care to early art education. It is not so much the isolated geniuses as it is the widespread general love of art that permeates the average masses of the people and makes a nation great artistically."

THE exhibits arranged with a view to their adaptability to child life were well calculated to make everyone who saw them wish to be a child again, that they might sit in the fascinating little chairs shown by the Misses Quackenbush, feast on bread and milk from Miss O'Hara's bowls, play with Kate Jordan's "cuddly" dolls, Caroline Chester's Greek theater and Harriet Furness' funny, funny toys. Or perhaps better still, everyone wished for a wee baby of their own to rock to sleep in the Quilting Bee's cradles, or dear little girls to dress up in Miss Annie Harmon's costumes, or three or four boys to turn loose in a room decorated by Seward H. Rathbun.

Around the first room of the former Blakeslee Galleries, where the exhibition was held, were hung sixty or more portraits and fanci-



"DANCING LIGHT AS THISTLEDOWN:" Photograph by Miss Johnston-Mrs. Hewitt: Shown in the exhibition of "Art Associated with the Child."



Photograph by Miss Johnston-Mrs. Hewitt.

A CHILD'S PLAYROOM in the "Art Associated with the Child" exhibition, designed by Mrs. Drayton, showing toys by Ingeborg Hansell and the Sterling Gift Shops: The furniture is by the Quilting Bee.



Photograph by Miss Johnston-Mrs. Hewitt.

QUILTING BEE FURNITURE AND COSTUMES
 by Miss Annie Harmon and Miss Moore displayed upon
 children enjoying an imaginary meal from a nursery set
 decorated by Miss Dorothea W. O'Hara in the re-
 cent exhibition of "Art Associated with the Child."

THE DANCING BABY
by B. L. Link: A small bronze figure shown at the former Blakeslee Gallery in the exhibition arranged by the Art Alliance of America which aroused such wide interest and enthusiasm in the vital matter of surrounding children with beauty: Children, parents and educators alike enjoyed the beautiful things gathered together for the delight and unconscious culture in the child of love for beauty.



THE ELFIN PIPER,
another of the group of statuettes by Lillian Link shown in this same exhibition: There was also the Little Pig that went to Market and a charming doll: These irresistible little statuettes were to be used in flower bowls, table fountains, on a desk or anywhere in fact, where their playful beauty would rest the spirit and bring pleasant thought.

CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD

ful pictures of children by such artists as Maxfield Parrish, Jean McLane, F. C. Yohn, Olive Rush, George de F. Brush, Lydia F. Emmet, Jonas Lie, Luis F. Mora. Arranged in this same room and in the entrance hall were bronze and marble portrait busts and bronze terracotta statuettes, charming fountains by Janet Scudder, Malvina Hoffman, Edith Parsons and H. Crenier; lovely baby studies by Edith W. Burroughs, Carol Brooks, Salvatore Morani, Lillian Link and others. Here also were delightful miniatures, the work of H. Rhodes Harrison, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Martha W. Baxter, Sally Cross, William J. Whittemore, Margaret Kendall and Grace Murray.

There were wonderful photographs of children, children caught at play, dancing light as thistledown through flowery meadows or sitting demurely or rebelliously, dressed in their best, before the camera man. Some of these pictures were softly poetical as only a subtle photographic skill could achieve, others sharply realistic, every hair of curly little heads revealed with only a camera's intensity of power. Groups by Arnold Genthe, Clarence White, Ira Hill, Adelaide Bayliss and E. W. Histed covered the walls of one of the rooms.

Etchings of children, plates for their books, selected books for their culture, school exhibits of their own work, jewelry for them to wear, pottery for their own little tables, luminous and silhouettes filled the heart of parents and child alike with admiration and desire for possession. The playrooms, nurseries, libraries, gardens, were adorable as pictures in the most fascinating story books. Mural decorations by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, friezes by Isabel Whitney and Carton Moorepark, textiles by Mrs. Alex. Grinager and Mrs. Rathbun and toys the most delightful ever seen surely offered full measure and running over of inspiration to grown-ups, children, designers and manufacturers.

NO part of the exhibit showed the modern insistence of beauty in everything connected with a child's environment and education more than the toys that were gay and lovely in color, playfully humorous and cheery looking and quite generally unconsciously educative. Children like to make things, to work with their hands and to see the results of their mighty, unparalleled skill all about them, so constructive and educational toys were in the majority and it did not take much imagination to picture the fathers absorbed with their boys in the intricacies of derrick, dumps and railroad construction, flying machines, windmills and motor car mechanics.

Ignorant little Topsy, who just grew up of herself, naked little Mowgli educated by the wolves, would truly be amazed and dumbfounded at the advantages of the modern child. The child but a few

CHILDREN IN THE ART WORLD



Miniature, Miss Gladys C.: By William J. Whittemore.

years ago was taught to be seen but not heard, to sit quietly and not disturb its elders, to be as little trouble as possible and to amuse itself with games of its own improvising. The present-day educators declare that it takes supreme energy of thought and a life of ceaseless devotion and watchfulness to properly fit children for the battle of life. We who write of these things look back with wonder at the simplicity of our own bringing up and look forward with eagerness to the achievements and perfection of the next generation. With bodies trained for grace and strength, every faculty of mind developed to its utmost, with soul glowing under continual stimulus of beauty, our children will reach exalted heights of joy and power.

The ancient Greek word for this world means beauty or order. This gives us a clue to the secret of the Greeks' preëminence in expressing beauty. They lived and moved and had their being in beauty, for it was synonymous in their mind with the world which gave them life and nourished them. This world is truly a most beautiful place, ordered as it is with infinite wisdom, and we should never cease to instill the consciousness of this into the impressionable minds of our children. Their eyes should early be trained to see beauty, for it is omnipresent, and their little fingers to create it. A good hunter looking for deer discovers them when others fail, for his experience has made him alert to familiar things. Children will be swift to detect and revel in beauty if it is familiar to them, if they are early encouraged to observe accurately and to be on the alert for fine things; they will then unerringly choose beautiful instead of ugly color and simple rather than complex living.



Wall-paper design for nursery by Isabel L. Whitney.

PLANNING ROOMS WITH AN INDIVIDUAL SENSE OF BEAUTY



THE wild bird that flies swift as the winds through salt sea spray to its nest in a fissure of rock, the ferocious beast that silently pads to its hidden lair in the jungle, the savage tribes of men in tents of skin or natural caves, even the tiny ant and busy bee, put the utmost of their craft and cunning and skill and love into the making of their homes; for the home is the greatest need and purpose of life, and the manner of its building represents the highest development reached by the maker and reveals the measure of his response to beauty. A bird instinctively strives for beauty in building its nest, or perhaps we should say for naturalness, and thus creates beauty. When the nest has been made safe, it is often decorated with bits of lichens, moss, feathers, even bright berries and peizias. The lion chooses the location of his den for safety, yet the curtain of vines concealing the entrance wraps it in fitting beauty. The Indian paints the symbol of his faith or record of his prowess upon the sides of his tent, giving fearless expression of his taste, and thus brings beauty to his lodge in the desert.

Is conscious man to be outdone in good judgment as to selection of site, ingenuity of building, and harmonious sense by those who build from instinct only? Have we lost in skill and æsthetic feeling from our long separation from Nature and her wise suggestions? We must admit that civilized people living in cities have the most difficult of all problems in home-making to solve. We have no help or inspiration from Nature, for we have long since pushed her out of our cities, and few of us have power to furnish our homes as we would like, for we have neither time nor wealth enough. Our lives are too hurried and demands upon our energies too severe. Our natural love for simple things has become to a great extent atrophied from long disuse, and in its stead is a feverish, vitiated sense for meaningless, costly display.

The Standard Dictionary says that a home is a place or abode of affection, peace and rest, a congenial abiding place. We very much need the remedial presence of sweet, natural, simple people and places. So our first endeavor in planning a home, even though it be but one room in an apartment house, is to make it a place that appeals to our affection, a place where we can feel at peace and carry out our individual sense of beauty. We cannot be at peace in a room unless it is harmonious according to our understanding of the word. If the walls, furniture and drapery are ugly and quarrel with one another loudly as to color, our minds are disturbed, and there can be no such thing as restful relaxation. If we are forced by circumstances to live in a room furnished by mahogany when our preference is for oak (or

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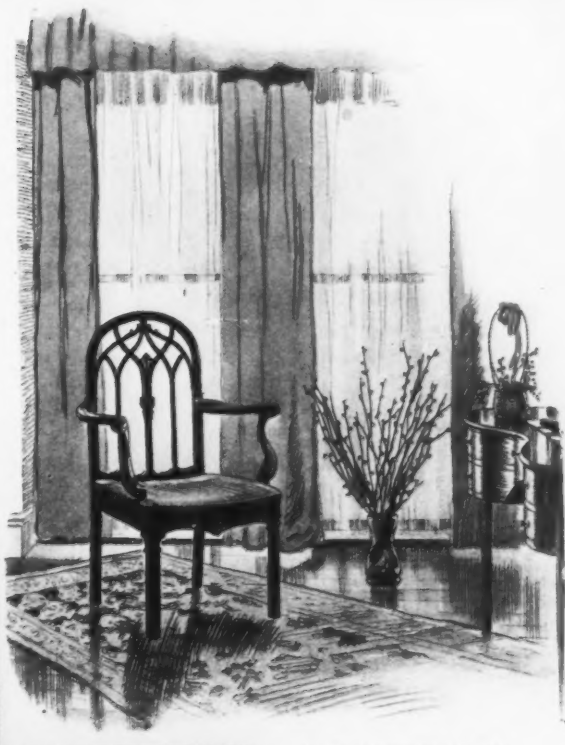
the reverse) we are never able to conquer a certain ceaseless irritation, no matter how determined a check we put upon our wills to overcome this. It is the old unconquerable instinct welling within us to have our homes as we think proper and as we believe most beautiful.

NOW of all the problems that can confront a homemaker, that of making a gracious, lovely, sweet, abiding place out of a square room in a modern apartment house seems the most bewildering. It is certainly unromantic enough to approach one's retreat from the nerve-racking world by the way of a screeching elevator instead of a garden path. The slam of the elevator door does not tend to shut us away magically from the annoyances of the day, like the musical click of a garden gate. Seldom does a soft-lighted hall intervene to break the shock of a sudden plunge into the midst of the apartment home.

Since this problem of home-making within the limitations set by one of the innumerable square cells of our modern system of cliff-dwelling apartments is so general a one, we are giving the processes of one woman's triumph for the benefit of others confronted by similar difficulties. The door of the apartment (which we are here illustrating) opened directly from a public hall into the sitting room, as so frequently happens in small apartments, with no private hall intervening. The first impression of this new home, though it was furnished and occupied by a tenant about to vacate, was of an amazing and puzzling multiplicity of doors. They looked formidable, like soldiers standing at guard, and gave the newcomer the sense of being caught in a trap. Their mahogany darkness so dominated the white woodwork, the rich though commonplace furniture, American-Oriental rugs, and commonplace pictures with which the room was furnished, that it seemed impossible to subdue them to a livable docility. The room was so distressingly jumbled, and in such bad taste, every detail of which was violently and cruelly brought out by a powerful searchlight enclosed in what looked like a white inverted wash-bowl dropped from the center of the ceiling, and so in the grip of those masterful doors, that the hopeful home-hunting newcomer was about to retreat. But one wide window under which rested a large davenport suggested a possible opportunity for beauty. Second thoughts suggested that with the hard, vicious light from the ceiling banished and a soft silk shade in its place, with the inharmonious furniture out of sight, the walls retinted, wonders might be accomplished.

The room was exceptionally large, that was one advantage, for large rooms in small apartments are scarce in cities. One of the conspicuous doors opened into a good-sized closet, another rare treasure. The

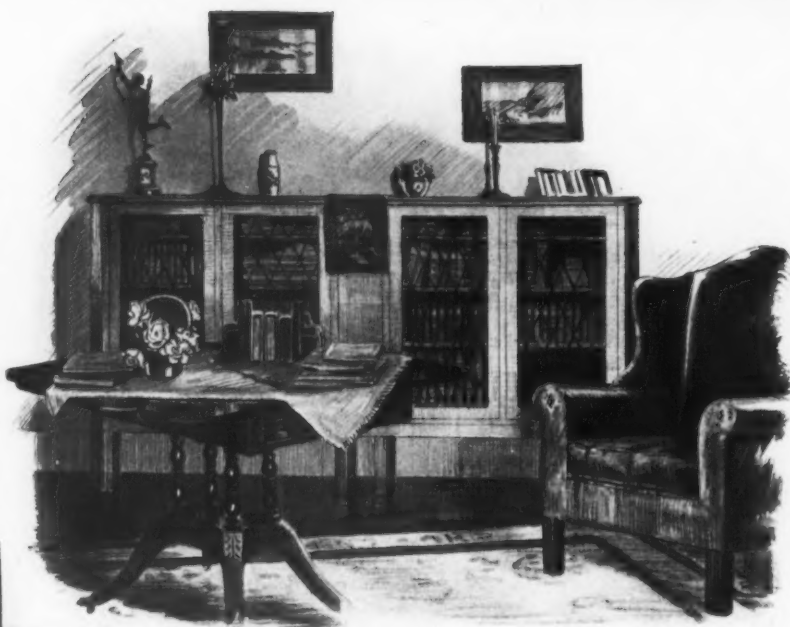
A WINDOW, which reaching from floor to ceiling, suggested balconies and gardens: It was curtained with soft Chinese blue silk over Filet net with needlework border: The beauty of the carved mahogany chair upon the old Chinese rug was emphasized by the pure color of the curtain background: The rich jar of pussy willows upon the floor and the kidney shaped writing desk of mahogany help form a satisfactory group.



All the Illustrations in This Article Are from Drawings by Edwin de Cossey.

THIS DAVENPORT, deep and luxurious, upholstered with Chinese blue velvet piped with pale gold, piled with silken pillows, suggests an inviting way to enjoy leisure hours with favorite books by the light of a convenient lamp designed to carry out the color plan of the room.

**MAHOG-
ANY BOOK-
CASE,** long
and low, from
Gustav Stick-
ley's Crafts-
man shops,
with the old
mahogany
table and
roomy arm-
chair, make a
charming pic-
ture of home
comfort.



**THE CARVED
JACOBEOAN
CHEST,** a family
heirloom, carries
a strip of blue
Chinese embroid-
ery: This same
note of blue is de-
tected in the bas-
ket-plaque, can-
dles and Japanese
prints upon the
wall: Sometimes
this arrangement
is varied by a low
bowl of bulbs
with porcelain
bird perched sau-
cily upon it whose
wings are tipped
with blue.

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bedroom and kitchenette (plausible excuses for two other doors) were at least large enough to turn about in without endangering life and furniture. So with hope that something good might come of it, yet with doubts stirring uncomfortably, it was "taken" and the work of transformation begun.

On the day of possession the discovery was made that the wide window over the huge davenport in reality extended clear to the floor. This valuable architectural feature came as a complete surprise, for no suspicion of its existence had penetrated past the concealing davenport. It was decided at once to create the room from this unusual feature. It suggested balconies, terraces and such delightful human, out-of-door beauties and seemed to lead out to something other than a back-court or roof-top.

Since Chinese blue had been decided upon for the underlying color scheme, silk curtains of this color (interlined) that fell in lustrous folds and a valance falling in soft folds, were hung over creamy fillet net curtains, in which a delicate border had been run by skilled workers. This treatment gave a delicate richness to the whole room, modified the view over the roof-tops, yet shut out none of the precious light and sunshine. Before this window, at one side, was placed a low plant stand much like a bench, but covered with a removable brass top so that the plants could be freely watered without endangering the beauty of the bench. Sometimes the plant stand was taken to another part of the room and a large flowering plant, fern or vase of pussy willows placed on the floor so that the blue of the curtains made a harmonious background.

The walls were paneled, to break up the rather large blank spaces, with strips of wood painted old ivory like the woodwork. The paneled spaces were covered with warm, gray, heavy paper that brought a lusterless, interesting texture to the walls. The uncompromising electric light was quickly transferred to a padlocked room in the basement and one of gray-blue silk with rose-flowered interlining installed in its stead. This kindly creation worked atmospheric miracles in the room, made everything look its best, and radiated pleasant harmony.

The secret of a beautiful room, in addition to color, lies in great measure in the arrangement of the furniture. Articles of furniture should be grouped carefully and with great regard to composition. We know of a famous artist who made one hundred or more sketches for a picture, the chief objects of which were a tree, a mullein stalk and a rock. Arrangement after arrangement of these three spots of color were made until the perfect grouping was found. So, the book-case, a long, low one of mahogany with diamond-shaped leaded-glass

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doors, was tried first in one place and then in another until its most effective position was found—against the west wall of the room.

The next largest article, a low, deep davenport covered in Chinese blue velvet piped with pale gold, seemed at its best against the south wall. At the head of the davenport a mahogany console was put to hold a lamp especially made to conform to the color requirements of the room—a creamy porcelain base with plain silk shade of blue lined with figured silk which showed a pattern of pink roses when lighted. On the console was laid a bit of Chinese embroidery and a few well-bound books. With the addition of a low, roomy, thickly cushioned reading chair beside it and the davenport piled with velvet and silk cushions a most inviting corner was made, holding a picture quality of composition and color

Detail of portière used to conceal an unattractive door.

and the comfortable cozy sense of a pleasant place to read or chat.

Near the other end of the davenport one of the formidable doors arose with discouraging effrontery. This unsightliness was vanquished by the hanging of a blue velour portière, as shown by the marginal sketch. This door opened into the room, so that the ordinary method of hanging a portière could not be used; so a long rod was fastened upon the hinge side of the door frame that held a long curved

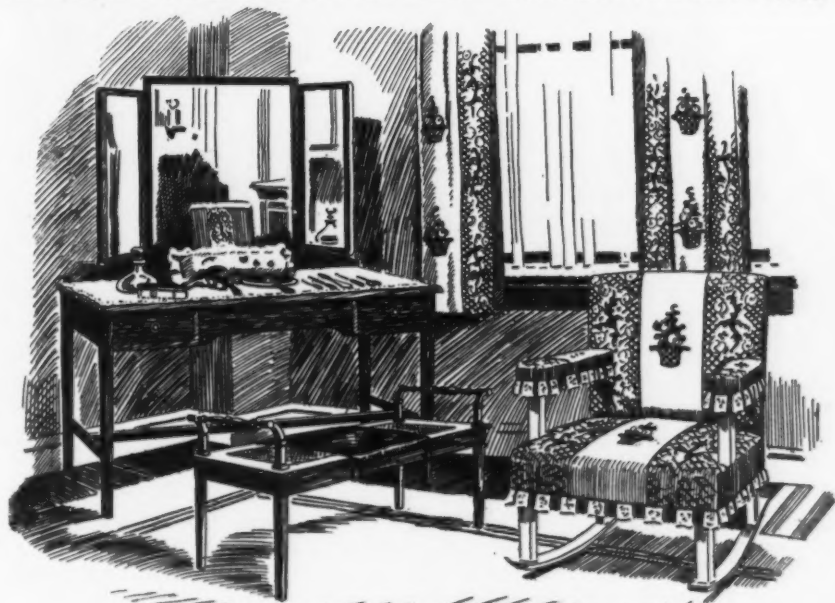


Gumwood writing table with its gray-green note harmonizes with the gray walls.

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crane which reached out across the door to support the rod, which came just to the top of the door. Thus the rod holding the portière swings open and shut with the door. The tall, upright line of the blue portière balanced the long, low line of davenport and created an unusual and extremely decorative feature.

Against the north wall in the space between the entrance and the closet door was placed a carved Jacobean chest of oak, a family heirloom, and beside it a small, carved oak side-chair covered with blue velvet.



The gumwood dressing table and low bench are from Gustav Stickley's Craftsman Shops: The gray linen is enriched with stripes of black lattice alternating with baskets of Killarney roses.

The other articles in the room—a Colonial mahogany console, also a family relic, and a modern kidney-shaped mahogany writing desk, a small mahogany drop-leaf table, low stool, large, deep, upholstered fireside reading chair and delicately carved Gothic armchair—were tried here and there until the right place was found for each. The lovely Gothic chair seemed naturally to belong where the light of the window would bring out to the full its classic beauty.

After the treatment of the unusual window had been decided upon and the tint of the walls proven satisfactory and the arrangement of the furniture settled, the final touches, the little things that give

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Gumwood daybed covered with Killarney pink sunproof, border cut from same linen used for curtains and chair.

finish to the room, claimed attention. Upon the walls were hung Japanese prints and between the panels over the bookcase were brass candle brackets with rose candles in them. Porcelain vases, a bronze Mercury, bookends, baskets of flowers, mahogany candelabra, were placed where color or diversity of form was needed. A brass chafing dish, samovar, tray and tea service upon the console made a corner suggesting coziness and hominess and gave sense of welcoming hospitality.

In arranging the finishing touches, care was taken to carry out color in some unusual, piquant way. For instance, upon the dark oak chest was a low bowl of paper-narcissus bulbs, upon the rim of which perched a saucy porcelain bird with wings, tail and head tipped with blue; a Syrian brass candlestick with blue candle in it emphasized the blue note manifest in the bird and the same beautiful Chinese blue was seen again in the Japanese print above it. The print was chosen just because it showed the soft blue that would carry on the color in composition.

Another point of decorative harmony well brought out in this room was, that a greater charm may be had by a proper disposition of odd individual pieces of furniture than could possibly be produced by a set. New and old mahogany, new and old oak, informal upholstered great chairs for solid comfort and classic stately chairs for pure beauty, Colonial and Jacobean types were all here happily grouped upon

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WHERE DOES AMERICA STAND MUSICALLY AS CREATOR, PRODUCER AND AUDIENCE?: BY LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, CONDUCTOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, was asked to talk to *THE CRAFTSMAN* readers about the effect of war on music. This he did not wish to do, and his reason is more than convincing. We feel that what he has said, the subjects he has taken up, are of infinitely more vital importance to the American public and we congratulate ourselves that he did not grant our request—The Editor.



I DO not like to couple war with music. It is not good to couple war with anything. I would rather not talk about it. America knows, without my saying it, that the war has driven many interpretive artists who produce music, to this country. Whether the artists who create music will follow or not, who can say? Some of them are already in the trenches. We are all affected, even the most subjective and introspective, by material things; and the musician sensitively attuned to every sound that nature offers, what will he do after hearing for years the reverberation of artillery? Will it affect his genius? No one can prophesy. There is no doubt that if the creative genius of Europe finds its way to America for rest and peace, both will be accorded in full measure, for there is no country in the world more liberal in its welcome to music than America.

I have been so often asked here if America would eventually become a country to produce music, if the great mysterious force known as musical genius would eventually find its channel among the people who love music here. There is surely no obvious reason why it should not. The world over, the musical brain has three lobes—the interpretive, the receptive, the creative. The greatest of these of course is the creative. Already in America you have to an astonishing degree the receptive quality, in fact the love of music in America is something phenomenal. I know of no people so tremendously eager for, so absorbed in music brought to them as Americans. More and more you are developing the interpretive quality of music, more people are playing music and playing well. The question of creating music—that must forever rest on the knees of the gods.

Of course it is possible to write excellent music without having creative genius. A man can be trained to write skilful, intelligent music just as a man can be trained to write skilful, intelligent books, even fairly technically good poetry; but that flame which comes to a man out of the infinite, the divine fire which illuminates his own soul and the soul of those who come in contact with him, that cannot be taught. You can build the channel for music and make it very strong and firm, you can see to it that music flows in the right channel, but

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the ineffable things which exalt the world cannot be found by any quest, cannot be developed by the most gracious system of musical training in the world; that is out of the heart of nature, and is as mysterious, as remote from our understanding as life itself.

Once we find a definition for genius, once we trace it to its source, we will find there, too, the spring of life. That they are one and indivisible, I am sure, and so I cannot tell you if you will ever be a great nation of creative musicians. If I could, I would be the prophet of the ages. I can only tell you where I find genius, and then express it to you through the Orchestra. We can all recognize that "in the faces of some men and women we see God" (to paraphrase Whitman) but I cannot tell you, no one can tell you, why we see God in the eyes of some human beings and not in others.

William Morris has described genius as "the majesty that from man's soul looks." It is indeed the majesty from man's soul that speaks in the various arts, and if this majesty is dormant in your nation, or if back of the nation it is dormant in nature and your nation becomes susceptible to it, you surely will create great beauty, because you have a land of great force and great power, and, as I have already said, a great interest in noble things.

A FACT of great importance in America is the universal quality of the audience's appreciation of music. This cannot be said of any other people. The American audience is enthusiastic for everything that is good and worth while in music. In France, for instance, the French people demand all of the very best French music and the classical music from Germany; Beethoven and Bach are greatly appreciated; but Strauss and Mahler, Reger and Schoenberg are but little played. We can reverse this statement exactly for Germany and Austria. Naturally, there, all the great music of their own countries receives a widespread response, and the classic French music is also presented in concert and song; but in Germany and Austria we hear far too little of Debussy, Ravel, Dukas, César Franck, and still less of those great artists of the modern Russian school. I need not say that the modern music of every school is welcomed in America. There are no limitations set to your enthusiasm. The American ideal of freedom and liberty is surely realized to the utmost in one thing, in the appreciation of beauty. Americans do make one demand, however, that what is given them is the best of its kind. In this ideal at least the American audience is paramount to any other in the world.

I am especially interested in this fact about America because I myself enjoy all music, the simple music and the great, the music of



*Pictures Used in Illustrating This Article
by Courtesy of the Musical Courier.*

**Leopold Stokowski, Conductor of the
Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.**



TO REAL LOVERS OF MUSIC, the name of David Bispham is a most familiar one: Mr. Bispham, who was born in Philadelphia, studied singing in Milan under Vaucini and Lamperti and in London under Shakespeare: He made his debut at the Royal English Opera House, November 3, 1891, as Longueville in Messager's "Basoche." The following year, London saw his first serious work, Kurvenal, in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Of late, Mr. Bispham has devoted his time with equal success to the concert stage: This season he is presenting a musical sketch, "Adelaide," wherein he is seen in the character of Beethoven: Mr. Bispham enjoys the distinction of possessing one of the most extensive repertoires among living singers, and his extended concert tours afford him ample opportunity for the display of his versatile gifts.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE, although of French descent, is proud to be called an American: This soprano, who is at present being heard in charming costume recitals, has achieved a unique reputation in the operatic and concert world: During her various tours, she has appeared in fourteen different countries, and in each case she has sung to her audiences in their own language: Her operatic repertoire includes the principal soprano roles in "Lakme," "Manon," "Hamlet," "Les Pecheurs des Perles," "Les Huguenots," "Mignon," "Faust," "Barber of Seville," "Bohème," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Don Pasquale," "Dinorah," "Romeo and Juliet," etc., etc.



A DAUGHTER OF CINCINNATI, Helen Stanley has reflected honor upon the city of her birth: Her musical education began in Chicago, and before going to Europe to complete her studies, she sang in Chicago and New York: Following her debut at the Royal Opera in Würzburg, Miss Stanley sang the principal roles in "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Otello," "Carmen," "Magic Flute," "Pagliacci," "Bohème," "Tosca," and "The Tales of Hoffmann:" Since her return she has been a member of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, the National Grand Opera Company of Canada, the Century Opera Company: At present she is singing with the Chicago Opera Association.



PAUL ALTHOUSE, TENOR, hails from Reading, Pa., where as a boy he was a member of a church choir: After studying with Oscar Saenger, of New York, Mr. Althouse made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, March 19, 1913, in the initial performance of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," in the principal tenor role of Dimitri: The leading tenor roles of "Aida," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," "Bohème," are included in his repertoire: Last season he created the role of Count di Niepperg at the première of "Madame Sans Gene."

ANITA RIO, AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO, has appeared with success in many of the large opera houses of Italy, Spain, Austria and France, while her concert tours have taken her to nearly every large city of Europe: Mme. Rio made her operatic debut at the Costanzi in Rome, followed by appearances at the Teatro Rossini in Venice: Her first important public appearance in America was as soloist at one of the concerts given by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston: She has also appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Cecilia Society, and other well known choral clubs: Mme. Rio is a brilliant linguist, some of her concert programs containing as many as six languages.



GEORGE HAMLIN, TENOR, was an oratorio and concert singer of note before he won a name as an operatic artist: He made his debut in opera as Lieutenant Paul Merrill in Victor Herbert's "Natoma:" This was as a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the title role being sung by Mary Garden: So pronounced was his success that to him was entrusted the role of Edward Plummer in the revival of Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth:" Another role which he has made particularly his own is that of Gennaro in Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna:" At present Mr. Hamlin is a valued member of the Chicago Opera Association.

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the people and the music of classic exclusiveness. I do not believe that there is such a thing as "vulgar music," any more than we would speak of a vulgar soul. A human being may have vulgar traits, but music is one of the attributes of the soul, and so it cannot be vulgar. It may be uninspired, it may lack harmony, it may be without permanent beauty, but it cannot be vulgar any more than a picture done by an artist who loves humanity can be vulgar. In England we hear people speak of Hogarth, of van Ostade as vulgar painters; this is quite ridiculous. As a matter of fact, they are men of wider sympathies than most of us, men who find in all humanity a subject for their art, just as a musician should find in all nature a subject for his music. I do not believe that a man can be a great artist who is not a great lover of humanity; you cannot become great and love a selected few human beings. Every manifestation of humanity the world over must interest you if your art is to express "the great vitality"—life itself.

There is really only one curb that should be put upon the interest of the artist in life—the spiritual health of the community. If we are feeding the community poison then the time has come to stop. But there again, who is to decide what is spiritually good for a nation and what will demoralize it? I consider that it is a part of every artist's duty to study, to understand what will develop the community, and if he is not sensitive enough to pour out through his work the necessary spiritual sustenance, then he is not essential. I believe, for instance, that every conductor of a symphony orchestra should feed the audience with sustenance of rich beauty and variety; also he should realize that hearty, healthy, vigorous music is not vulgar, just as the man who paints must realize that the humble people are not vulgar, that they are sometimes very close to the source of that power for expressing beauty which we call genius.

I TAKE a very great interest in selecting music for my audiences. I spend much time studying new composers, and new musical scores are sent me from all over the world, from Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, Paris, and from all parts of America. I also study programs that other conductors are making all over the world. I look into the kind of "food" that the German conductor, the French, the Russian conductor is giving his audience. I try to watch the world musically—and I am always *waiting for genius*. Many of my programs are made up a year ahead, indeed the preparations for Mahler's great Eighth Symphony, which I plan to produce in March, were started nearly two years ago; otherwise how could I plan for two complete choruses of four hundred voices each, for a

WHERE DOES AMERICA STAND MUSICALLY?

children's chorus of two hundred and fifty and for an echoing orchestra in the distance?

Until a piece of music has been presented to the public, or at least until it has been "put through" an orchestra, it is impossible to get any impression of its relation to an audience. You can read a symphony for the orchestra, but not for the audience. I am glad to say that there are opportunities for the production of new compositions at the musical conservatories of America. I think every conductor, like myself, is *watching for genius*. I know that Dr. Muck constantly produces new music by Americans, that Mr. Stock does the same thing in Chicago, and in New York that Mr. Damrosch gives frequent opportunities for hearing American composers. Mr. Stock is a composer himself, and I have had the pleasure of playing one of his symphonies. I find that the best method for myself is the one that Richter sometimes employed in Germany, that of producing a new symphony score at a short rehearsal, when I have my musicians together; that also means occasionally a small audience to hear the work.

Naturally in addition to the music we play, every conductor is immensely interested in the players of the music. I believe a conductor, in time, gets to think of human beings in terms of musical interpretation. A man's personality will inevitably and quickly suggest his musical medium. In this connection I feel very deeply about the exclusion of women from our symphony orchestras. It seems to me a great and incomprehensible blunder. The particular spirit that women put into music, their kind of enthusiasm, their devotion to anything they undertake, would be invaluable in the formation of symphony orchestras. I find that women are especially good as violinists, if to begin with they care much about music; in fact, women are wonderful in anything they *want to do*.

IN the production of the Mahler symphony we have about six hundred women singing parts of utmost difficulty in the chorus, and they have taken up this work with keenness, with an enthusiasm, with really an avid voracity. In addition to their delight in the work, they are quick to get the meaning of a score, they are nimble-witted in taking in a new idea, in understanding the nuance in the combination of so many instruments into one harmony, and they are most conscientious about appointments, time and practice.

When I think of women as I see them in the musical world, what they are capable of doing, their fine spirit, excellent technique, I realize what a splendid power we are letting go to waste in this

(Continued on page 554.)

FURNITURE BASED UPON GOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



THE difference between period furniture and furniture based entirely upon good craftsmanship is the difference between the need of the people and the whim of the aristocracy. A man like Buhl who made furniture for the women of the French court, made it to suit their desire for decoration. They flattered him in the court life, and his desire was to give them the most elaborate, the most ornamented furniture that could be conceived. They *cared* little for good construction, and Buhl *thought* little of it. The whole matter was elaboration of detail, novelty, eccentricity, and the spirit which inspired him was the decadent spirit that wished to be petted and flattered and pleased.

The making of a really excellent piece of furniture is a totally different matter. It is made to meet some need, it is made out of the love of a man's heart for beauty, and the longer it lasts the more sure it is of appreciation and understanding. Good craftsmanship must express the soul of the common people, the people who *want* a thing excellently made and *need* it excellently made; although real period furniture occasionally has good craftsmanship, it is not essential to it; it is usually because some good craftsman expressed himself in something excellent in the shop of the famous man; often it is merely accidental, and these strokes of artistic workmanship that we should preserve in our record of period furniture today.

Every cabinet-maker is entitled to gain the utmost from what every other cabinet-maker has accomplished. It is not enough to imitate the mere expression of eccentricities. It is true of cabinet making as of architecture that good construction has prevailed in every period and has thus affected subsequent periods. But the final ornamentation, the lavish superstructure which gives a period its name, is not the thing that is worth imitating. When people know that I am making a new kind of furniture now they say to me, "What period will this be?" It perplexes them when I answer, "No period." I have never sought any period in my work. I am satisfied if it expresses what I believe to be progress in furniture making in America. I believe that there are many people living in this country who desire in their homes a certain sturdy elegance, good construction, good craftsmanship, beautiful lines, rich and durable furniture. This is what I am seeking in my new work.

The department store has sounded the death knell of so-called period furniture. The original interest of an artificial civilization in elaborate cabinet work was delight in ornamentation and richness of detail; this is of necessity done poorly when done in mass, when done

FURNITURE BASED UPON GOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP

to meet the department store need. If it is done poorly, then it fails in its purpose of richness; eventually, thus, people will realize that what is called "period furniture" is only a poorly constructed, badly ornamented bit of cabinet work, and inevitably the sincere mind will turn toward what is really rich and good and appropriate to American lives.

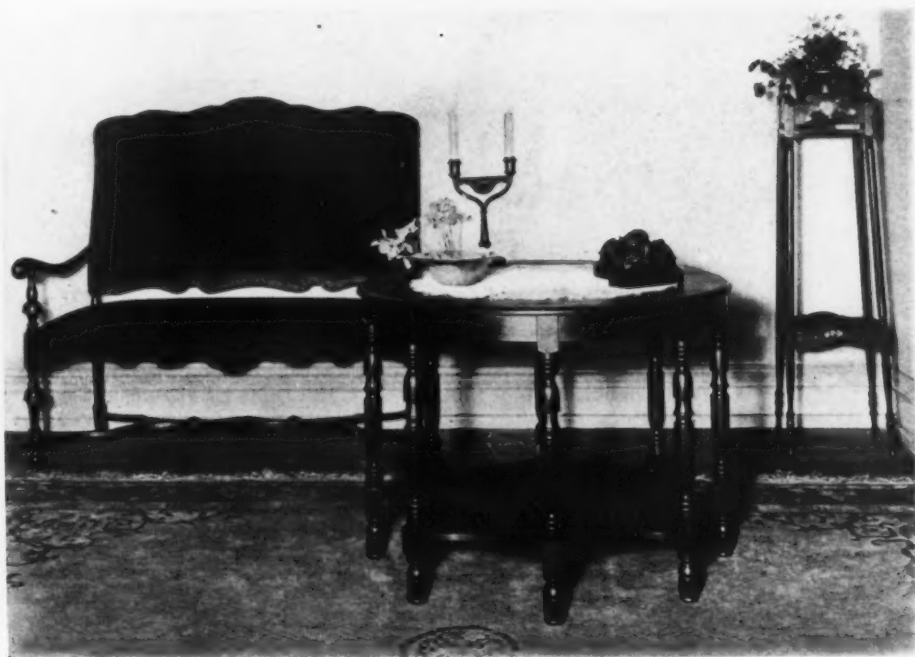
AMERICAN furniture should embody the same principles that made the slender French, painted Russian and carved English work such perfect creations of their kind, namely, fitness and an expression of the needs and ideals of the people who made it. The furniture made by the early Americans who had no thought of evolving a style of their own, but of constructing it from the memory of articles valued in the home land endeared to them from association, is revered by us now because it was so frank an expression of home love. This same home influence is felt in our early architecture. We see today all over New England the ideals of Holland, England and France expressed in the roof lines and doorways of our homes.

The furniture I am now making embodies the universal principles of cabinet making irrespective of countries or periods. There can be no design or construction without the employment of the basic elements of the square, the circle and the line. It is the manner of their combining that stamps the result as belonging to this or that period.

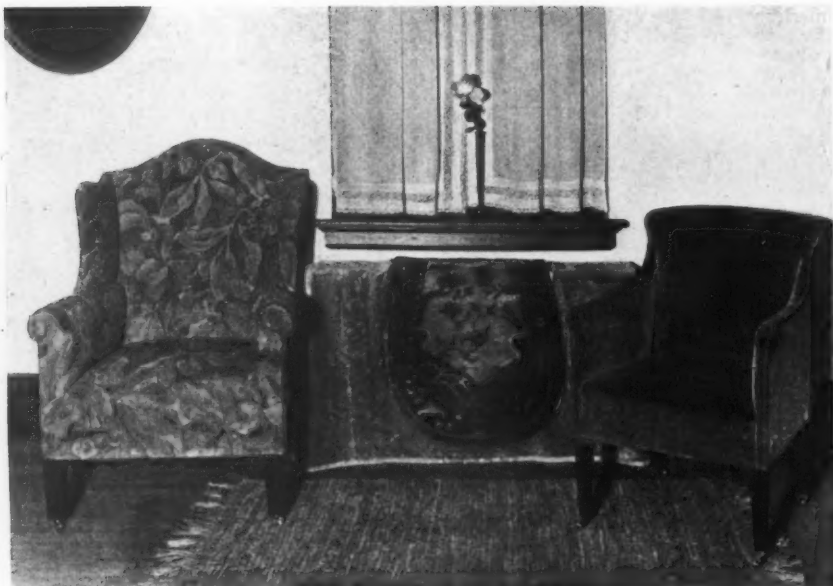
The first picture is a good illustration of what I mean. The chest of American oak finished by a process entirely my own cannot be said to imitate any period or that it is a copy of any style. The size and proportion were determined upon from the needs made by the size and division of the rooms of our home. It is not cumbersome like the English chests that were intended to be used in vast halls, nor delicate and fine like the gilded French furniture made more to ornament royal halls than for actual use. It is an article built to last for many generations, one intended to be kept in constant use; not a piece of ornamental furniture, but an indispensable article of everyday necessity. The panelings give it chaste and beautiful lines. The long drawer, the three smaller ones and the two cupboards on the side have been so disposed as to space that table linen, decanters, glassware, silver, etc., can be arranged within to the best advantage. By raising it from the floor it conforms to our modern demand for airiness and cleanliness. The drawers and cupboards are to be fitted in either wooden or metal knobs as desired to complete the plan of the room. Such an article is as useful in the hall as the dining room; even in a library with books upon the top it would be most suitable and useful.

OAK CHEST designed especially for modern American homes combining the qualities of usefulness and beauty, is shown at the right: It is finished by the new method that brings out the characteristic swirl of the grain and the natural color of the wood.

In proportion it shows a fine balance, being neither too cumbersome for our rooms nor so small as to appear insignificant: Door and drawer pulls of oak or metal are provided to conform to the requirement of the room in which it is to be placed.



A ROUND OAK TABLE with octagonal base and hand-turned legs such as shown above, one of the latest designs of the Craftsman shops, is attractive grouped with good furniture of many other types: Candelabra upon it are of oak.



CHAIRS,
WIDE, deep
and luxurious,
upholstered in
rich velours,
velvets or tap-
estries bring
color and sense
of home com-
fort: They can
be introduced
with advantage
in rooms of
any type.

The chair at
the left is ideal
for reading,
while the one
at the right
shows excep-
tionally slen-
der, aristo-
cratic lines for
an upholstered
chair.

*Furniture
at the
Right
Designed
by
Gustav
Stickley.*



OCTAGONAL LIBRARY TABLE OF OAK showing
new design in hand-turned legs: The oak chairs beside
it, though simple in the extreme, are beautiful of line.

**S M A L L
D R O P - L E A F
T A B L E** of oak
that can be
moved from
room to room
serving the
purpose of
card-, tea-table
or even con-
sole against
the wall, with
light weight
oak chair be-
side it, forms a
cozy, hospi-
table home
group.



Oak used in
library table,
lamp base,
flower stand-
ard, footstool
and chair
brings to the
room a rich
sense of color
and substantial
beauty: A note
of grace has
been given the
chair in the
curve of the
back and light-
ness by the in-
troduction of
cane.

The table is
intended for a
library in an
average Amer-
ican home and
is distin-
guished by un-
usually fine
proportions.

LONG BENCH-STOOL of oak is often placed before a writing desk or dressing table of oak instead of the usual small chair.

It brings pleasant variety to the room and is easily moved about: All the furniture shown on this page is from Gustav Stickley's Craftsman shops.

All the new models have been designed in accordance with the present demand for lightness, stability, richness of finish and simplicity in home furniture.



DAVENPORT OF OAK which could serve as a day-bed, for it is both wide and long enough for comfortable sleeping.

FURNITURE BASED UPON GOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP

All the wood of the furniture that I am now making has been finished so that the natural beauty of grain and color of the wood is brought out rather than concealed. The bare, open honesty of this gives distinction, gives it a quality purely American, because honesty and fearlessness are ever identified with American character. Oak candlesticks, even bud vases of oak, are made to be used or not as taste dictates. They add a gracious note and furnish us an opportunity for pleasing color. The chair beside it is relieved from too great a severity by the turning of the stretcher rails and legs. There is a gentle curve to the arms, the back and seat are upholstered in soft leather.

Below this picture is shown a round table with octagon base, a novel and beautiful combination. The form of the lower shelf gives it a certain distinction. The hand-turned legs give great strength. Such a table could be used with the style of furniture that I have been making for the last few years. It is enough like it to be harmonious and enough different to add a pleasant variety. It could be made in the old or the new finish. Such a table also would be perfectly at home in a room of almost any type of furniture because it is individual and cosmopolitan. It does not quarrel, but makes friends with any other furniture made with equal sincerity of purpose. The settee against the wall gives chance for effective upholstery, the long, high back makes of it an extremely suitable piece for a hall. Upon the table may be seen the oak candelabra which take the place of the more commonplace brass. The plant stand shown in this same photograph can be brought out and placed before windows, moved into the hall or in fact is easily adapted to a variety of uses in almost any room in the house. It would hold a lamp or work basket with equal charm.

UPON the next page two types of upholstered chair are used, the one deep and cozy, the other more delicate of form. A softly upholstered chair introduced in sitting rooms or library brings to the room a sense of luxurious comfort. Another of the newest designs of The Craftsman Shop is shown in the octagon table on the second page. The design of the hand turning is decidedly an innovation. The octagon top makes a pleasant change in the ordinary room furnishings. The whole design is rich, unusual and striking. Nothing simpler than the chairs beside it could be seen and yet in their very simplicity is attractive beauty. Light, serviceable, ready for many uses, such a chair is an indispensable article in the modern home. The cane back gives them lightness, the stretcher rails, both pleasant design and strength of construction.

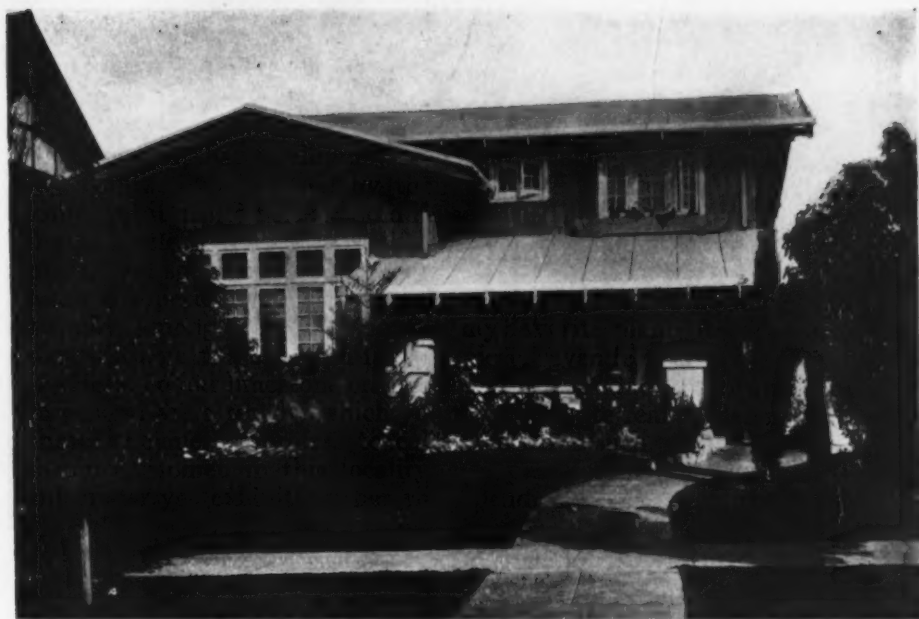
FURNITURE BASED UPON GOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP

The drop-leaf table which takes the place of our grandmother's console is another distinctly American form of this useful household article. With one leaf dropped it can be pushed against the wall; with both leaves dropped it forms a useful article for small halls. It does not take up much room and can be carried from its position and used as card table or tea table in any room. It is light, strong and firm. The chair below, somewhat like the ones we have just been speaking of, with the exception that the back has been given an arch, the low stool in front of the deep reading chair and the unusual form of the rich and elegant library table, suggest home beauty and comfort.

Instead of the ordinary chair placed before the writing table or even a dressing table, a low bench has come to be considered a grateful change. The one shown has been made with the idea of interchangeable use, that is, an article that can be welcomed in almost any room because it is small, universal and light enough for both beauty and constant use. No article of furniture has made greater strides into popularity than the daybed. In all small homes where an extra bed is necessary it is welcome indeed for it adds to the beauty of the room by day and is as comfortable to sleep upon at night as any bed. This one has somewhat the air of the old Colonial furniture so endeared to us through historic association. The curve of the back and of the arm breaks any thought of severity. This would be beautiful in summer houses upholstered in gay chintzes or sun-proof fabrics. In design it is rich enough to carry with dignity upholstery of the richest silk or velours.

La Farge says that in every great artist there is a humble workman who knows his trade and likes it. This is incontrovertible, for how would it be possible for a man to produce great things without the love that brings wisdom and a technical skill that is gained only by years of devotion to that which he loves? It takes the whole nature of a man to create anything above mediocrity. Love of the work leaps swiftly forward into fresh fields of imagination, while the mind and hands labor steadily after to make permanent that which love has discovered. In every home-maker is the artist's power to visualize a perfectly appointed home and the humble workman's willingness to patiently work out the details that would be troublesome enough without love of the work. To select the proper furniture, draperies, rugs and all the manifold little things that go to make up a livable, lovable home involves knowledge of materials gained only by study and experience, a sense of fitness and an inner feeling for beauty. If women approached home-making as an artist does his work we would have more suitable, lovely homes to leave as a valued legacy.

A STUDIO HOME



THEIR STUDIO HOME: BY PERSIS BINGHAM

"I must have three bedrooms and a kitchen—" began the practical lady of the house; "and a great big studio with a fireplace, a balcony and a platform for recitals—", eagerly added the son, "and a nice, quiet place for a desk where I need not be disturbed," finished the head of this musical family, Mr. Henry Schoenefeld, the composer, for whom the studio-home was to be designed.

The location was Los Angeles' most charming residence section, the Wilshire district, the exposure western, the construction was to be frame. The lot sloped slightly toward the front and was fifty by one hundred fifty feet, with an alley entrance. After numerous more or less unsuccessful attempts at an up-and-down board studio, finished in rustic redwood and built on to the rear of the living part of the house, that plan was abandoned and a new one started. "The House built 'round a Studio" might well have been the title of this new plan. The studio dimensions were twenty by thirty feet, an inglenook with balcony above was placed at one end, and a bedroom, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room, screen porch and small washroom were placed down

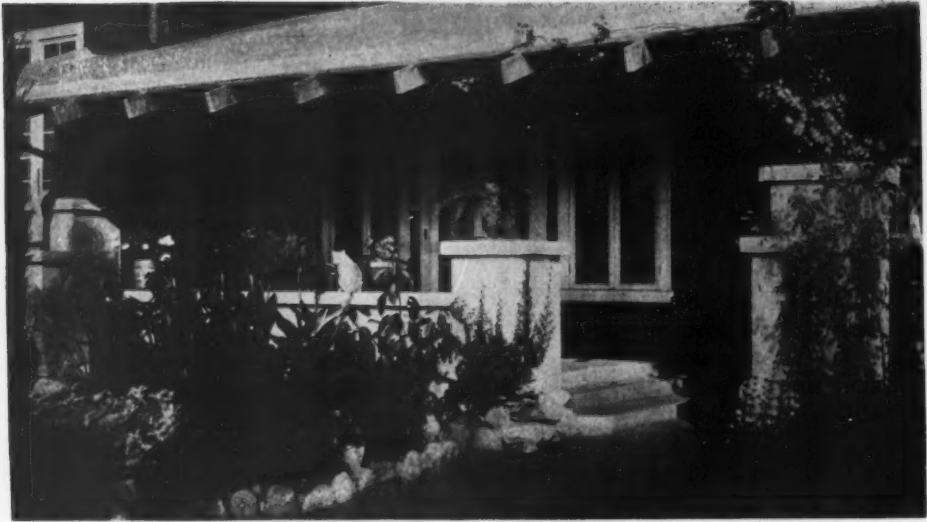
STUDIO HOME OF MR. HENRY SCHOENEFELD, THE COMPOSER, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

stairs, with two bedrooms, bath and sleeping balcony upstairs.

In order to gain head room over the inglenook it was necessary to have the studio ceiling fourteen feet high at the wall line. This ceiling height was lower than the second story ceiling and higher than the first, which left the second story roof ending in midair, several feet above the studio ridge. It was not until the second story had been roofed at right angles to the studio and the second story roof extended over the latter's ridge that the two unequal ceiling heights became reconciled.

The studio was possessed of an independent personality from the start. Rather saucily it seemed to stand, complete in itself, with a self satisfied air of its own as much as to say, "Oh yes, Mr. Rest-of-the-House, you may grow right up there beside me, but you know, I'm the really important part which their souls require and you just come along to fulfill their bodily needs." But, as evil is ever the result of misdirected energy which rightly used would produce good, this fault, rightly treated by the resourcefulness, tact and judgment of Mrs. Schoenefeld, has been the cause of the studio's great success. We cannot help but feel that the charm which this house radi-

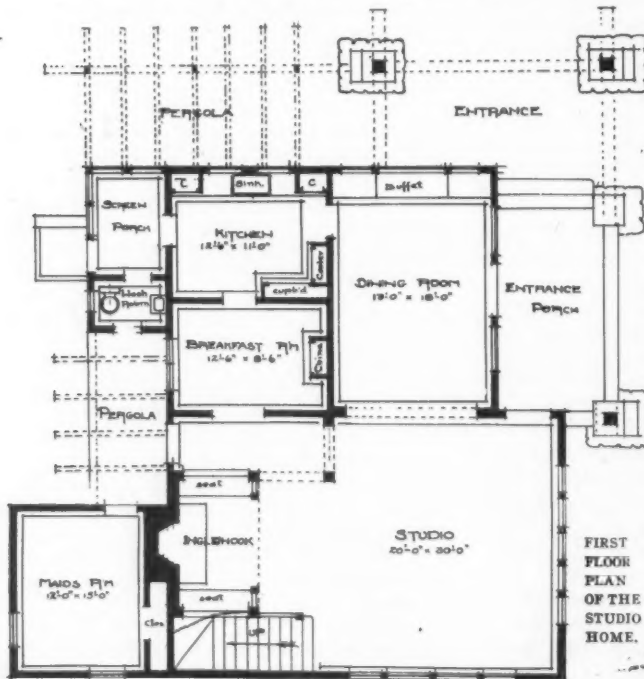
A STUDIO HOME



ates is the result of that love which Charles E. Jefferson commends, when he says, "A house is a product of human handicraft, a home is a creation of the heart. A house is built by gold, a home is built by love." He laments that in this day and age, too often we place the house before the home. We

THE PORCH OF THE STUDIO HOME BUILT OF RUSTIC REDWOOD.

spend too much time with the material things of our house, our old masters, our new silverware, our rare china, neglecting for them the development of the home spirit, the essentially vital need.



The studio-home of an artist or musician designed to suit his own particular needs is invariably more interesting and more successful than the home of the follower of any other profession. This is because the artist studies the environment in which he finds it most congenial for him to work and creates it, loving it as he does so because he knows that environment aids him in his work. His workroom therefore exists for a definite purpose. It is built and furnished to aid him in the attainment of his ideal and utility is the secret of its success.

So the studio-home built to aid the musician in his work must fulfill the first law of existence, utility. In the Schoenfeld studio every feature

A STUDIO HOME



has been planned with a view to its ultimate use. The high wooden ceiling and heavy exposed rafters act as a sounding board; the landing over the inglenook serves as a balcony for guests at recitals; the wide French doors hinged to fold back in pairs unite the dining room and studio; the torchere aids both physically and aesthetically the interpretation of music and the inglenook harks back to the innate craving of all mankind for the cheering glow and warmth of fire.

The general color scheme is green gray. The wall tone is a dull gold paper which is carried to nine feet above the floor, and forms the best possible background for pictures and furniture. Above the paper the wall is paneled in wood finished in the same manner as the ceiling. The roof is an asbestos composition laid on Oregon pine sheathing surfaced on the under side, with battens placed over the joints. This sheathing is stained, as are the exposed rafters. The non-heat-conducting qualities of the asbestos together with the extra high ceiling prevent any excessive warmth in the room during summer.

As the piano, harpsichord and much of the furniture are of different periods of design, the woodwork of posts, railings and balcony has been kept simple and plain, no caps or molds being used and as little paneling as possible. In this way all ornament

COZY DINING ROOM THAT IS SOMETIMES USED FOR SERVING REFRESHMENTS AT STUDIO TEAS.

is concentrated in the furnishings of the house. The rare gift of so gracefully combining the old and the new as to prevent one from encroaching upon the other is possessed by few, and Mr. George Schoenefeld has cultivated this gift during his long searches through the old book shops of Paris for harpsichord compositions of the French, English, German and Italian schools.

The lighting of the studio is with interesting little oak candle holders finished in verde antique, placed at intervals around the room and up on the balcony, while for special purposes there is a hand-wrought copper torchere brought over from Paris. It is designed with peacock feathers as the motif, and in its metal shade are set colored glasses and stones of red, blue and yellow, through which the lights shine, forming all the primary and secondary tints of the spectrum in rotation as hidden clockwork changes the lights from red to blue and from blue to yellow. The delightful effect of this interesting lighting fixture can only be fully appreciated when Mr. Henry Schoenefeld sits at the piano and plays in the evening.

At the far end of the studio is the fireplace! What an invitation it extends! Wide, low seats on either side, heaped high with downy cushions invite the weary one to rest.

A STUDIO HOME

It needs no inscription to proclaim "East, west, home's best." An opalescent, hammered, copper hood reaches out to catch the smoke of a jolly little fireplace while slender candle holders lift lights aloft on either side. A hard wall plaster laid on common brick and colored in oil by hand has been used as a facing for the fireplace. Skilfully and unobtrusively the artist has blended the gray green of the woodwork with the burnished brown of the copper on this plaster wall until the two seem to unite on its surface.

The dining room faces south and west, and across its thirteen foot width a sideboard answers for serving table and china closet. Above the sideboard two art-glass windows soften the light of the southern sun, and, hanging from the picture-mold to plate-rail, a rare old French tapestry blends with the brown stained paneling of the wood below.

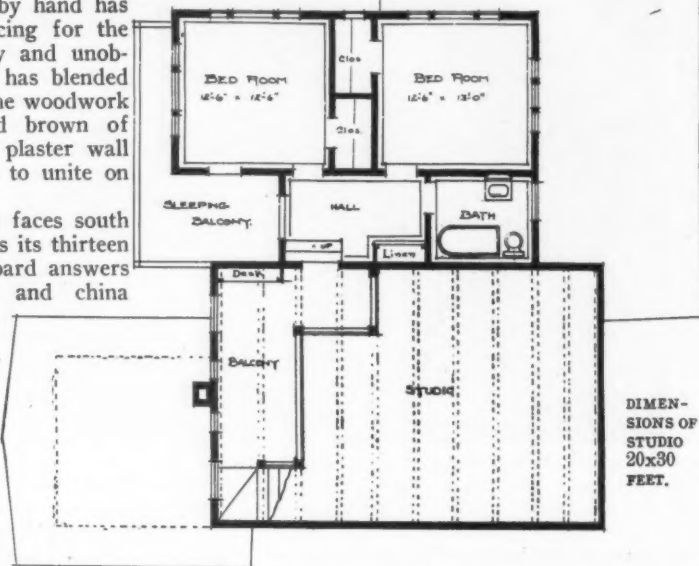
The kitchen proves the old adage which begins, "Too many cooks," for there is room for only one. Compact, complete, in every detail, it has never made its owner slave to work. The sink before the windows, the cupboards up above, the cooler to the left and range to the right assist in the speedy despatch of the work.

Adjoining the kitchen and opening to the studio by double French doors, a tiny breakfast room does service as a refreshment room when occasion demands. Two long squat benches serve as seats, a little cupboard with glass doors holds the breakfast china, and two casement windows open to admit the morning light. The room is finished in white enameled paneling with a soft blue mural scene above the plate rail.

The glass doors at the end of the studio lead to pergola and rose garden. On the left is the downstairs bedroom and on the right an entrance to a small washroom for the convenience of students.

The spacious balcony above the inglenook is both lounging room and workroom. One corner is occupied by a built-in writing desk while a couch is pushed up against the rail-

THE SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF THE HOUSE BUILT AROUND A STUDIO.



DIMENSIONS OF STUDIO 20x30 FEET.

ing, with a grotesque Chinese lantern hanging from a sturdy rafter overhead.

From the balcony three steps lead to the second floor, where are bathroom, two bedrooms and a sleeping balcony. Both bedrooms are corner rooms, one having south and east exposure and the other south and west. The sleeping balcony faces the east, and is entered from either upstairs hall or bedroom through French doors.

It is not a cool, reserved, unresponsive creation, this studio-home of the Schoenefelds. It reaches out to greet the visitor to make him feel at home. It is not enough to say the Schoenefelds knew the design they wanted, they also knew how to furnish it to its best advantage so that it would express their idea of *their* home and studio.

If people would, without regard to the building convention of the day, make their homes after their own need and sense of beauty, our cities and towns would be distinguished by a more interesting architecture. We have too many rows of houses all alike as things now are. They are monotonous to look at and deadening to live in. More individual houses such as this one would make a pleasant diversion.

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE: BY BERTRAM GOODHUE

(Continued from page 455.)

try we live in, the materials that are here for our use. It is well for us to remember that Gothic architecture in England began to decline when the builders *imported* stones for the temple.

As for the use of color in architecture, that must entirely depend upon climate and landscape conditions. I think in the East our atmosphere is too brilliant and too variable, it is too bright on sunshiny days and too desolate on gray days for the application of mural color or for the introduction of brilliant tiles. In all kinds of weather color would stand away from the rest of the structure. This is not true in the West. In the churches and houses I have built in the Southwest we have used a great deal of color, of tile and vivid inlays. It is a pity that we cannot add beauty to our houses in this way in this section of the country. We remember how vastly more beautiful Persia, India and Italy are for the color in their architecture; and what the beauty of Egypt and Greece owed to color in building and sculpture. But color in architecture is only valuable where the atmosphere provides nuances of light, where color is seen through delicate shadows, through mists, through pearly sunlight.

I believe today the most important domestic architecture in the world is to be found in England. It is also the most practical, the most suited to its surroundings. It is unpretentious, well and economically constructed. The English architects say but little about art or beauty, but they are producing it, because they are building the kind of houses the people want and the country needs. I feel much the same way about English crafts, English modern decoration. The home has always been the matter of preëminent interest in England, and every architect or craftsman who works for the home, works with the love the Mediæval people put into their cathedrals. I do not say the same *amount* of love, but the same *kind*. The modern architecture that is "made in Germany"—though like so many other German-made products originally derived from the English arts and crafts movement—today is terrible; all art is in a decadent state there. This possibly may be accounted for by the fact that the entire interest of this nation for fifty years has poured out in one direction—and that is not home making.

Unlike England, we have had no childhood for art in this country. We have very little folk music, and what there is, is mainly derivative. We have the desolation of a civilization that has never been in the nursery. Lord Dunsany in one of his charming little "stories" speaks of the sadness of the man who traveled in a country where they had no "foolish little songs"; in America we have no "foolish little songs," and this is true in every phase of our art, and some years ago Dunsany visited the United States.

We have tried transplanting genius here, and it only works part way. We can transplant models, we can transplant the expression of genius in construction and decoration, but we cannot transplant the spirit that designed the construction and the love the artisans put into the decoration. It is almost impossible in this kind of a civilization to have good architecture. The house of the poorest peasant in England, if it was built two hundred years ago, is probably more stable in construction than the house of the millionaire in New York today, because every bit of material was good, and the people who built the houses knew what was good; very often the people built homes for themselves. I am very much afraid that a century from now the people who are building in this country will be apt to laugh at us in spite of all our effort and work here. If they have found the new art of architecture, if they have found the right way of building the kind of homes with beauty and comfort and sanitation, they will be apt to laugh at what we have done in this generation.

It sounds trite to say that the beauty of the house of the future must depend upon whether or no the art of the future is for the whole community, yet in this trite saying lies the success of the future American home, the remedy for our present unbeautiful existence. If all our artists in America were producing just as much as they now are, or more, and everything that they produced was sold at a reasonable sum to fill the homes of the people who love art, the community would be better off and the artist would be better off. This would be the ideal democratic state. But we are still somewhat under the shadow of the patron, and the accepted artist charges thousands of dollars for a single picture because he must—that may be his one sale for the year. If he were selling thirty pictures of

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

equal merit and beauty, thirty homes would be more attractive, the artist would have a better living, and art would become really for the community. At present we do not often see the work of contemporaneous painters and sculptors in the homes of the people of moderate means; we see them in the libraries of rich men and in the museums. Often the truly great painter does not sell over five per cent. of his output in a year. If he sold eighty per cent., what a different world it would be!

Although this enlargement of the field of art into an opportunity for the beautification of whole communities is practicable so far as painting and sculpture is concerned, a different problem faces the architect, in the full meaning of the word, today. If the architect is to take all the responsibility of designing and planning a house, if he must have all the expense and labor of plans and elevations and working drawings, it is impossible for him to accomplish very many buildings in a year, and the only way in which the community can absorb the full value of what the architect does is, as a matter of fact, almost to do away with the architect. We should have to revert to, or progress into, a time when people were largely responsible for the plan and construction of their own homes.

I remember some years ago in the Southwest, where I was doing some work, meeting an architect, a half-breed called Zafirino. He was not a trained artist, he knew nothing at all about mathematical plans and elevations, but when people wanted help for their churches or their homes he would go with them to the site, very slowly, for he was very lame, then resting against whatever was at hand he would take his cane and in the dust about him he would draw the first floor plan, and the workmen, the craftsmen, I should say, would work out all the details themselves. He had no help for them along this line. When the first floor was completed, he would draw for them, on the earth, the second floor. This was his method, whether he was planning a small house or what he fancied to be a Gothic church. The burden of adjustment of all details was left to the artisans or to the people whose home was being developed. It is a simple and primitive method, and if employed today, an architect could "design" many homes with but little effort. I do not advocate the plan, I do not prophesy for its acceptance in the future, but I

am sure it lessened time and expense for the architect and the owner. It would also carry great weight in the development of individuality in building, that no one can gainsay.

A great drawback to developing any one style in American architecture, if that is desirable, is that we have no typical climate in America, no typical landscape, or for that matter, typical civilization. We are as different in temperament in Maine and California as we are in contour of the country and color of the foliage. In the West we find in our architecture the Spanish influence, which is eminently suited to the landscape and climate, in the East we are still dominated by the classical Renaissance, which in turn owes its tradition to Greece and which must be greatly modified, I venture radically made over, before it can really be made suitable for the moderate-sized house of today and the landscape of the middle East. And so it seems to me as we look into the future of domestic architecture, we must find for many years to come a great variety of individual expression—houses suited to each State and to each individual in the State; and not until we have become a more formal government and definite social organization shall we produce an architecture which the centuries to come will look back upon with affectionate pride.

"IN THE HANDIWORK OF THEIR CRAFT IS THEIR PRAYER"

EVERY artificer and workman . . . all these put their trust in their hands and each becometh wise in his generation. . . . They will maintain the fabric of the world and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer." No finer a prayer arises from the heart of man than the earnestness with which his work is done. Even the old prophet in Ecclesiastes, that famous discourse on the vanity of earthly things, declares that good craftsmen "maintain the fabric of the world." The ceaseless whirling of prayer-wheels and lengthy intoning of scriptures lift not the soul to higher planes like the absorption of a mind earnestly bent on working out with the hand some beautiful thought. A perfect work of man gives the beholder as pure a joy as a flower or a sunset created in the workshop of nature.

INTERESTING BUNGALOW ARCHITECTURE

MAKING THE BUNGALOW EXTERNALLY ATTRACTIVE: BY M. ROBERTS CONOVER

THOUGH the name bungalow comes from India and belongs properly to a one story building consisting of a central large hall with smaller rooms opening from it and a wide covered porch all around to protect from tropical suns, it has come to be quite generally applied in America to almost any small country house. A country house of a story and a half or even two stories if it has a large porch across one or more sides of it is now, though technically incorrect, referred to as a bungalow. In India the name is given to even very large and imposing houses of stone or brick, almost equaling a palace in rank if but one story in height, to government rest houses and to army quarters providing they are but the one story height.

So many of our little country houses are called bungalows that the name has come to be endeared to us. It conjures a comfortable, well shaped little house in the midst of a garden, shaded by trees, with the perfume of flowers floating in through open windows.

It is not difficult to make this picture a reality. The planting of a few vines to give it relation to the garden, a shrub or so at the corners to soften sharp angles and break too severe lines and a tree to give play of light and shade over the house will bring it about. There is a wide list of vines, annuals, perennials, shrubs and ornamental trees from which one may make choice, but several things should be borne in mind; chief of these is the winter aspect of the bungalow. Summer sees to it that it is attractive from April to November, but we must look to it that it is beautiful the rest of the time. There are evergreen shrubs such as pines, cedars, spruces, retinosporas, cypresses that can be had tall or round, dwarfed or large and of many shades of green, and there are the broad leaved shrubs such as

azaleas, laurels, rhododendrons, etc., that in addition to keeping green all winter put forth gorgeous blossoms in the spring and early summer. Many trees are as beautiful in winter as in summer, because of their delicate tracery of branches. Some shrubs have brightly colored stems which after the leaves have fallen give a grateful sense of color. Others like barberries and viburnums have bright berries; so with a little study winter beauty can easily be provided.

For summer planting color harmony must be considered when the main planting of perennials has been decided upon. Then the annuals can be varied with each season. Some of the most ornamental trees are those which bear fruit. Fruit trees in the front yard are not considered proper by some, but no tree takes on a more picturesque form than an old apple or cherry tree. The accompanying photographs hold helpful suggestions for bringing about external beauty of country cottages.

The first photograph shows a bungalow built to give a view of the Raritan Bay through the porch, so that a picture of the bay and sky is had as one approaches the house, which is built on a side hill. The back portion does not resemble a bungalow so much as the front, for it is on a level with the ground. This porch extends around the two sides of this house and forms the main living room of the family during the summer.

The second photograph illustrates the charm of roof and porch lines broken by



BUNGALOW BUILT TO GIVE VIEW OF THE RARITAN BAY FROM THE PORCH.

INTERESTING BUNGALOW ARCHITECTURE



the use of a gable. The large tree makes a pleasant play of sunshine and shadow across the house and the large porch suggests a cozy comfortable outdoor room.

The charm of the vine-clad cottage is shown in the third photograph. This cottage is completely covered with Boston ivy. The effect is cool and bowerlike. We can imagine the beauty of color of this house in the fall.

In the fourth photograph an example of planting to cover a basement made conspicuous by the slope of land is given. From the street this house is apparently a one story bungalow. The problem was to cover the necessary and useful basement at the back

BUNGALOW WITH A LARGE PORCH USED FOR OUTDOOR SITTING ROOM.

of the house formed by the lay of the land. As may be seen it was effectively solved by a planting of blossoming shrubs. The vine against the chimney carries the line on up most gracefully and the trees bear promise of welcome fruit.

The fifth picture shows a bungalow enclosed with boards which are allowed to project log-cabin fashion at the corners. The small windmill is a novel feature for a bungalow. The vines across the front of it make a graceful curtain to shut out too strong rays of the sun. The very simple rustic pergola leading to the front door

gives promise of a beautiful walk when the vines have had a chance to cover them.

The last photograph shows how a roof line may be softened in imitation of the old thatched roofs of English cottages. The hedge and the winter trees give promise of summer beauty. An evergreen at either side of the steps and a planting of large leaved evergreens at the corner of the



COOL AND BOWER-LIKE EFFECT OF BUNGALOW COVERED WITH VINES.

INTERESTING BUNGALOW ARCHITECTURE



house would have added warmth to this cottage through the long winter.

The economical aspect of artistic building has been commented upon in the most convincing way by Maurice B. Adams. He says, "The artistic aspect of country-side architecture naturally appeals to the majority of readers far more directly than any discussion on financial matters would do, however appropriate and necessary others will consider such a question of ways and means. These last-named essentials frequently induce some to believe that ugly, crude, or tasteless buildings are necessarily cheaper, or that picturesque, convenient, and architecturally well-proportioned buildings must relatively be more costly. This is not true. There is such a thing in building as 'cheap and nasty,' which in plain

INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF PLANTING TO COVER A CONSPICUOUS BASEMENT.

terms reads 'dear at any price.' Indifferent construction and poor materials will without a doubt incur perpetual expense in the upkeep which bad work always renders unavoidable. There is only one reliable way of minimizing the ultimate cost of maintenance, and if this does mean a larger initial outlay, the advantage of a wise investment is thereby ensured. This self-evident commonplace might perhaps have demanded an apology but for the fact that people are continually endeavoring to obtain what they term 'cheap building work,' and with this end in view are induced to put their faith in the so-called 'practical man,' who, however efficient he may be otherwise, unblushingly gives the most con-



A BUNGALOW ENCLOSED WITH BOARDS WHICH ARE ALLOWED TO PROJECT LOG-CABIN FASHION AT THE CORNERS.

INTERESTING BUNGALOW ARCHITECTURE



THE ROOF LINE OF THIS BUNGALOW IS MADE IN IMITATION OF THATCHED ROOFED ENGLISH COTTAGES.

clusive evidence as to his entire inability to produce well-contrived, properly-built, homely, or tasteful houses. The speculating builder is no doubt often exceedingly clever, and in an ingenious fashion knows how to cater for the public, occasionally providing quite a remarkable amount of accommodation, of a kind, for a strictly modest rental; and he also quite understands to what extent a degree of pretentiousness attracts the popular fancy. He builds to sell, and in common with all speculating investments when he realizes, the profits are large. No architect can compete on these lines with such builders, and he need not attempt to do so. In the long run there can remain no question as to which kind of building pays the owner best. An unqualified designer not only fails to obtain a homely character and graceful simplicity in his work, but he seldom if ever employs his materials economically, scamp as he may; and buildings carried out in this fashion will cost the building owner much more than if he had given his commission to a good architect. Even assuming that the money outlay in either instance be the same, and that in structural stability there is not much difference, it cannot be pretended that the results in any sense are identical, even though the areas of the rooms correspond.

"The main essentials consist of the charm of artistic fitness by which alone a building can be harmonized with its site and surroundings, making it as it were part of the ground on which it stands, restful and unobtrusive, comfortable and suitable. These are the qualities which alone can impart interest and give durable pleasure. Such qualities do not depend so much upon money expenditure as upon an application of thought and good taste. They exist quite apart from elaborateness of detail, and are mostly obtained by avoiding all ornamental excrescences, which ill accord with the environment of the hedgerow and the coppice. Picturesqueness comes of simplicity of form, and belongs to good proportion producing pleasant groupings, giving graceful sky-lines, and casting telling shadows, so essential for contrast and color."

We might add that the picturesqueness that comes of simplicity does not come from the simplicity that is uncouthness, plainness, an unthought-out, unadorned crude thing. True simplicity, the highest attainment of art, approaches the divine. Simplicity does not mean a half formed, ignorant construction, but something so fine, pure and superior that it stands apart from the ordinary as a flower stands apart from common weeds.

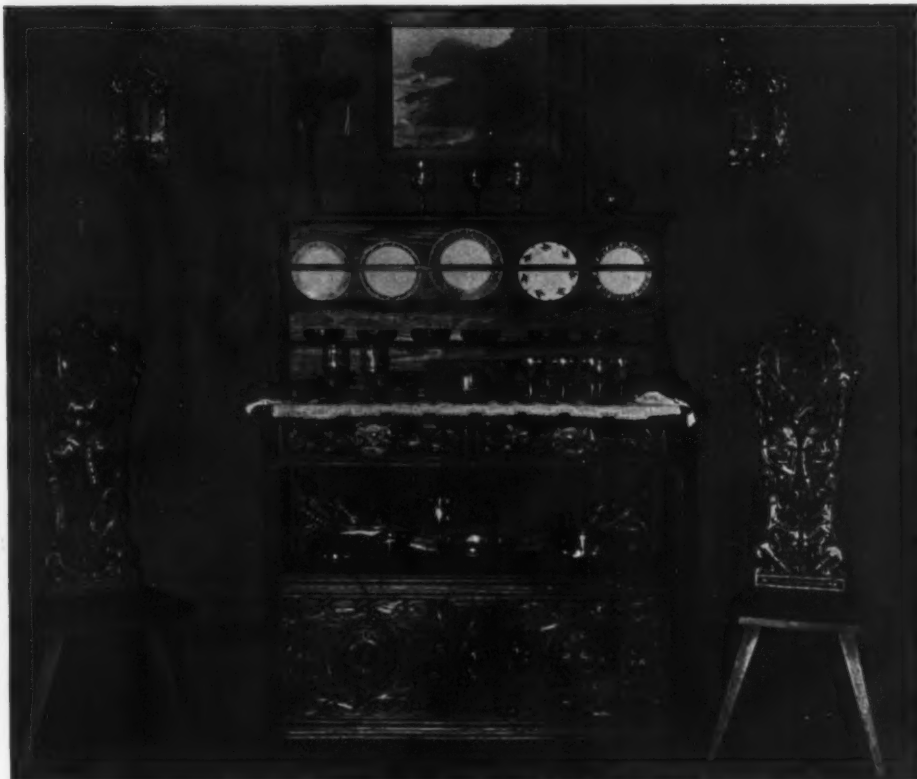
MORE COLOR IN CRAFT WORK

MORE COLOR AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION THIS YEAR: HIGH-SCHOOL CHILDREN MAKE A GOOD SHOWING

THE arts naturally developed as people put more love, interest and thought into the making of the objects connected with their daily work. When the fisher-woman weaving a net for her husband thought to refine the mesh, then worked in little scroll patterns with her needle as though sea-weed were entangled therein, she began the art of lace making. When the Indian looked up from his work and noted a flight of birds and then marked their beauty upon the soft clay of his water jars to keep the memory of their beauty ever by him, he lifted depressing monotony of labor to the plane of joy in wonderful art. It is the love, interest,

imagination, sincerity and honesty put into the making of the commonest household necessities that makes them precious. The tobacco pouch stuck in a Japanese laborer's girdle, the towel bound upon his head, his name graven in the handle of his hammer are often wonderful works of art, though the most simple things in the world.

This spirit that transforms common things to art treasures was most noticeable at the Ninth Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen held in the National Arts Club in New York City, December 8th to 30th. So humble a work-a-day thing as a table cloth became priceless, when into the weaving and broidering of it went rich imagination, the pleasure of creation and patience. Some of the textiles displayed were beautiful in color, faultless in execution, others were dull, commonplace, lazily designed and carelessly made. Some of the baskets were exquisite of



CARVED OAK FURNITURE, THE WORK OF KARL VON RYDINGSVÅRD, SHOWN IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN.

MORE COLOR IN CRAFT WORK



CHINA IN STRONG RICH COLORS, THE WORK OF DIFFERENT EXHIBITORS AT THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN: THE BIRD AND FLOWER TILE IS THE WORK OF DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA.

form, unusual of weave, lovely of color, others were without distinction of any kind, weakly conceived, poorly executed. The table of baskets was but a disorderly jumble of good and bad together, tares and wheat, as it were, before the process of winnowing; some marked by crude amateurishness, others worthy to be classed as true works of art.

Another interesting corroboration of the thought that art develops from the spirit in which the commonest articles of daily use are made was manifest in the arrangement of the exhibits. One end of the gallery

was enclosed to form a small room and exhibits arranged as they would appear if used in a home, given their natural environment. This gave them proper setting, brought out their real beauty. The space represented a dining room and was furnished from work of different exhibitors. The furniture, the work of Karl von Rydingsvård, consisted of a dining table, sideboard and chairs richly carved, Scandinavian in character and harmonizing wonderfully well with the strictly American work shown in connection with it. Upon the long table (in form like those used in



THE EXHIBIT OF DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA'S POTTERY WHICH WON FOR HER LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB: RICH COLOR AND ORIGINALITY OF DESIGN DISTINGUISHED HER WORK.

MORE COLOR IN CRAFT WORK

old refectories) and upon the dresser were fine linen runners with filet borders of most interesting and unusual pattern, the work of S. D. Price. The table was set as for use with a charming breakfast set designed and decorated by Dorothea Warren O'Hara. Upon the sideboard were a row of Miss O'Hara's plates, and some exquisite

iridescent glass-ware, the work of Sara Royal Comer. Upon the walls of this room hung lovely dreamy photographs of rocks and surf along the Maine coast, by B. H. Wentworth and copper sconces by several different exhibitors. Against one end of the room was an arrangement of Delft tile simulating a fireplace, of Volkman ware. The fireback was most unusual, also the work of Mr. von Rydingsvärd, in the form of a Chinese god. Heavy iron andirons topped by large discs of bright pottery mosaic were by J. Charles Burdick. The windows were hung with curtains

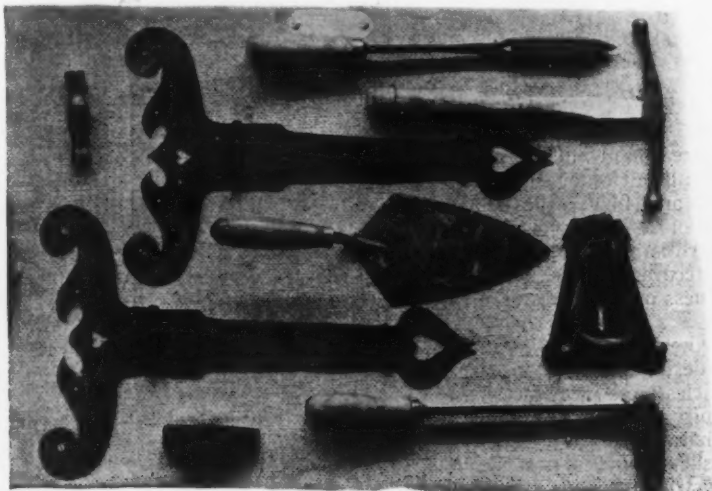


WROUGHT IRON MADE BY THE STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL CHILDREN: AWARDED THE HARDINGE PRIZE.

stencilled in old blues and greens. Vases and jars upon the window ledges and mantel piece were from both the Marblehead and the Newcombe potteries. This interesting room was entered through a handsomely carved doorway.

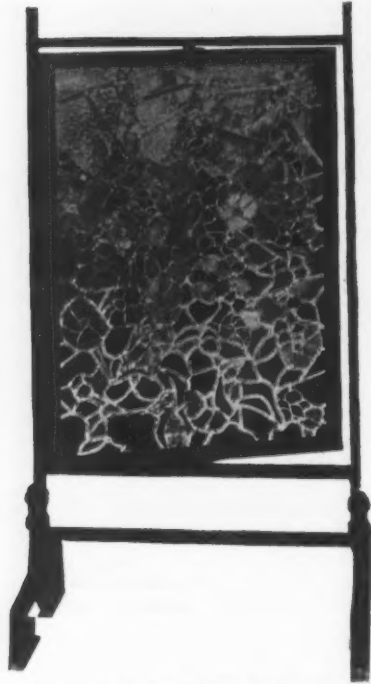
This arrangement of exhibits, a decided departure from previous years, gave to each article the setting best adapted to bring out its beauty. When pottery or baskets are arranged in rows upon a shelf or fabrics are folded and placed in heaps within a

glass case it is impossible that their design or worth could be appreciated. Confusion and unkempt appearance of tables piled with fabrics gives to even the best of the articles a cheap, valueless look. Any one of such articles separated from the rest and shown as it was intended to be used could have been valued at its true worth. For instance, a scarf by Mrs. Kaun, separated from



HAND-HAMMERED IRON DESIGNED AND MADE BY YOUNG PEOPLE OF STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL CRAFT CLUB, SHOWN AT THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN.

MORE COLOR IN CRAFT WORK



STAINED GLASS SCREEN IN IRON FRAME SHOWN AT THE RECENT CRAFTSMEN'S EXHIBITION.

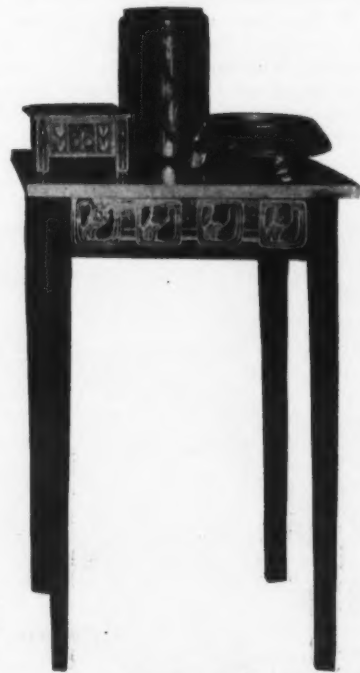
the others upon the table and laid over the radiator in the display room at once took on new value. The scheme of its coloring became apparent and the freshness of its design manifest.

The first prize, which is a life membership in the National Arts Club, was awarded Dorothea Warren O'Hara for the beauty and originality of her ceramics. One of the photographs shows a group of jars, vases, bowls, child's bread and milk set, a tea service in black and burnt orange luster and a delightful bird and flower tile designed for a child's room. In this display the justice of the award is apparent, for in originality of design, accuracy of workmanship, beauty and boldness of color, they are indeed remarkable.

All the ceramics in the exhibition showed the modern joy and desire of color. Few delicately colored articles were in evidence. Those few were exquisite indeed. In fact, rich barbaric color characterized the whole exhibition and in baskets, textiles, pottery, rugs and jewelry, the strife for color effects seemed the dominant one. Americans can no longer be accused of fear in the use of

color, at least as introduced in homes, and we will doubtless come to glory in it on the outside of the house and on the streets as do most of the European countries. One of the most interesting manners of its use was in connection with carved wood. We may have learned the charm of color in connection with carved wood from the Russian, Swiss and Scandinavian peasants, but wherever we learned it we are working it out in our own way, conformed to our needs and our ideals of beauty.

One of the pictures shows a group of carved and painted boxes to hold cards or jewels perhaps and a low bowl, both from the von Rydingsvård studios, a burnt orange and black luster vase by C. Wakeman upon a black table decorated with an interesting design in intense blues, rich greens and orange, the work of the Washington Irving schoolchildren. Each of these articles emphasizes the rich color schemes so in favor with modern craft workers, and the work of the young students on the table indicated that the future



PAINTED WOOD TABLE MADE BY THE WASHINGTON IRVING SCHOOLCHILDREN, WITH CARVED AND PAINTED BOXES BY VON RYDINGSVÅRD AND PORCELAIN LUSTER JAR BY C. WAKEMAN.

EXTENDING PERSONALITY INTO FURNISHING

holds a promise of skill and beautiful use of strong color.

At one end of the room filmy silken scarves dyed in all the soft colors of the rainbow, beautiful as the inside of a pearl shell, hung, softly moving with the opening and closing of the doors, inspiring all the beholders with desire of possession. These were from the Noank Studios, and by the Misses Allison and Professor Pellew.

Interesting bronzes by Victor D. Brenner, hand-tufted spreads by Susan Weart, hand-woven spreads by Mrs. Victor I. Shinn were shown though much of their beauty was lost by the manner of display.

The exhibits of the schoolchildren attracted universal attention because they not only brought out the growing interest of young people in the crafts, but because much of the work was marked by the imagination that might, when cultivated, produce really great work in time. The wrought iron from the Stuyvesant school of which photographs are shown, was awarded the Hardinge prize; the painted wood tables, bowls, boxes, etc., made by the young folks of Washington Irving School Crafts Club, were noticeably excellent in color and skill. The Wad-

leigh, Bay Ridge and Morris High Schools and the Manual Training School were well represented by examples of needle work, bead work, weaving, carving, poster drawing, metal craft, etc.

The cases of jewelry showed how efficient women have become in the handling of precious stones and metals for the necklaces, rings, brooches, buckles, earrings, etc., ranked well in workmanship with the best that silversmiths of any land or age have accomplished. The exhibition as a whole, though not showing a marked advance over those of other years, attracted crowds of interested workers and admirers of craft work. It was exceedingly interesting to note how steady has been the growth of desire for individual rather than factory made articles in the home, and how universal the growth of skill in producing these has become. Home makers work on their looms or embroider their table covers as the housewives of old Puritan days used to do, making all the articles of their home. This brings about individuality in the house as well as interest, skill, delight and growth of the worker, and keeps alive the spirit of beauty so needed in the world today.

PLANNING ROOMS WITH AN INDIVIDUAL SENSE OF BEAUTY

(Continued from page 522.)

Chinese rugs complementary in color to the room. Nothing in type or color jarred and each article had a use and seemed on good terms with the rest. The furniture was as diversified as a company of friends.

The bedroom adjoining was also most harmonious in its choice of furniture and color management. A most unusual note was a day-bed used instead of the ordinary bed. This took up less space and fitted in better with the dainty plan of the room. The walls, rug, and body of the linen draperies was a warm French gray, and with the furniture of gumwood, made along simple, delicate and graceful lines, gave the room an atmosphere of rare refinement. The color introduced was an intense Killarney pink which appeared in the flowers on the hand-blocked linen curtains, bed-spread and pillows and in the practical sun-proof lining that showed in a three-inch edge along the side and bottom of the curtains. The cover of the bed was of this same rose sun-dour bordered with a stripe

of black lattice and roses cut from the linen. In one of the sketches may be seen how the design of this striking linen is in alternating stripes of black lattice with pink roses climbing through and baskets of Killarney roses. The stripes lent themselves to good effect in the chair covering as well as in the roll and square pillows; trim little pleats around the edge and arms of the chairs added to their quaint charm.

Before the gumwood dressing table a low bench instead of the conventional chair was placed. A toilet set of dull silver to carry out the color scheme, Killarney pink vases, cushions, dresser scarf, desk set, candles and central electric light shades, and in pots of blossoming flowers gave a refined and unusually rare French aspect to the rooms. The gumwood furniture, being of a warm greenish gray, made a fresh contrast to the French gray of the walls. The two grays blended harmoniously, one complementing the other in most charming fashion. The furniture, being a few degrees deeper in tone, and slightly warmer, was most appropriate to the delicacy of the room. Thus by skill, infinite care and considerate choice the problems of this small apartment were overcome and turned into happy assets.

WHERE DOES AMERICA STAND MUSICALLY?

WHERE DOES AMERICA STAND MUSICALLY?

(Continued from page 530.)

country, and in other countries, too. What poor economy it is to take it for granted that women are not ready to enter the world of art, are not capable of becoming fluent channels for the expression of genius. We are deliberately shutting away great forces for beauty and progress by leaving women out of our scheme of things in the art world. We are sacrificing accomplishment to tradition; for the sake of not making an effort to open our spiritual eyes we are leaving unused a power of achievement as great, it seems to me, as the electricity in the clouds which we have not yet learned to bring into our homes to help us live our lives more easily and comfortably.

You ask me if women will become conductors of orchestras. Who knows? That is a matter of physical endurance as well as spiritual insight. I doubt very much if you could even take any well-trained soldier in excellent physical condition and put him through three hours of such exertion as conducting the "Walküre" without his laying down the baton at the end of the opera in a state of complete exhaustion. There is an immense amount of physical energy essential for good conducting. And then if you add the intense nerve strain and the mental strain, I am not at all sure that women, trained as they are today physically, could manage an entire opera.

I find opportunities for studying music for men as well as women constantly increasing in this country. I have already mentioned the conservatories of New York, Boston and Baltimore. There are opportunities in many other cities, in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago; but the studying of music is by no means confined to school hours or lectures, or even listening to music, which is one of the most important branches of musical education. In my own student days I worked in London, in Paris, in Germany, in my own studio; but as I look back upon those times I realize that my greatest lessons were learned from nature, out in the fields, along the river banks, in the forests and in gardens.

Indeed, it seems to me that power to produce the kind of music that will reach and inspire an audience must come to a man in two ways—one from his love of humanity, the other from his love and knowledge of

nature. Rhythm is to be found in every branch swaying in the wind, in every tree bending to the storm, in the crest of the wave, in a bird's flight, in the movement of a flower in the moonlight. These things are all the equivalent of music and to know them well is to be very close to that mysterious spring in which genius finds its source.

Rhythm is expressed in all the arts, is of the essence of them, of this I am sure. There is rhythm in painting, rhythm in dancing and sculpture. It is for this reason that I believe much inspiration can come to a musician from the other arts. I have found it in close association with painting and sculpture; color is always an inspiration to me, but most of all I find an exaltation of spirit in beautiful dancing, of such artists as Nijinski and Karsavina.

The movements of these people seem to be a part of the universal rhythm. What definition and intensity of expression they give! The beauty of all human experience seems to be expressed when they move to music; it is as though they had absorbed from nature the rhythm that stirs the wind and the sea. These marvelous dancers from Russia have no limit to the moods which they express through their art; for Nature has no limit to the variation of her beauty, and those who are sympathetic to Nature, enriched by her, find themselves endowed with her prodigal grace and color. And so when I say that I owe much to dancing as an inspiration, much to Nijinski and Karsavina, I feel that I am actually saying that Nature is my real teacher.

Truly in music "one is a part of all that one meets," and the more profoundly sympathetic the musician is to all people and all nature, the more surely he can express the music that will reach all humanity. I dare say even in the trenches there are human experiences, terrible realities, that will bring people closer together, closer to the essentials of existence; and those men who are sympathetic, who feel in each experience its full revelation of humanity, in other words, the artists, will have a new and powerful and strange note in their poetry, their music, their painting of the future; this we cannot doubt, if they live to express it.

As for the present generation of musicians, in the main war will not stop their capacity for creating. Once a man's soul has been touched into life, nothing can take from him his desire to express life; noth-

HOME BUILDERS TO HAVE STATE AID

ing, at least, except death. One remembers that war did not stop Beethoven in his work and that he composed within the sound of bombardment; that César Franck back in the seventies, when Germany went into France, continued to compose his "Redemption." So for the present at least we shall go on receiving musical scores wherever musicians exist. And afterward, if peace comes to us again, who shall say that it will be merely a material peace, a cessation of strife, a blind urge for material comfort again? It may be that through conflict, some strange, new force shall have been liberated to illuminate the world and cast out the shadows of this present universal tragedy.

HOME BUILDERS TO HAVE STATE AID

Home builders may now have State aid. This is the plan of a new and unparalleled service which the Minnesota State Art Commission has undertaken. It is a radical departure from the usual channels of most art commissions which are supposed to dabble in pictures, statues and pretty things. The State Art Commission of Minnesota has turned the tables. It has taken a different point of view. It has said, "Most States help hogs and hay, why not homes?" It argues that art is a bigger and more vital thing than just pictures, that it relates to homes and home building.

If the chimney smokes or the plumbing balks or the furnace fumes, all you have to do is to write the Art Commission. This appears a long way from the duties of an artist, but it is merely a step in the development of a great State-wide campaign which the State Art Commission has undertaken to help home builders.

One million plans for model farm-houses have been sent free in booklet form from the offices of the commission in the past twenty-four months. No other State Government has as yet undertaken such a program. These plans were all given by the best architects in the State. It was their contribution to help the small home builder secure authentic and professional service practically free. The Art Commission has been deluged with requests for not only plans, but information about all sorts of home building material. People want to know what kind of paint, cement, furnace to use, and a thousand other similar questions. The Minnesota Chapter of the

American Institute of Architects has undertaken to render this service free through the Art Commission as an outlet. It is known as the architectural and allied arts service department. It is open to the people of the State—in fact, is extended to any one living anywhere who is interested in securing authentic information about plans, building materials and supplies.

The commission supplies the plans for both model farm and village houses at just the cost of making the blue prints. It is printing fifty model village houses that are designed to cost \$3,000 each. These are beautiful and attractive small homes and have been given by the architects. It is not a profit-making venture. It is a State service in the interest of better homes. It is a service that people can have for the asking and it is making history for an art commission that has the courage to look a hard, matter-of-fact problem in the face and meet it by giving this service. A letter addressed to the Minnesota State Art Commission, Old Capitol, St. Paul, or 504 Essex Building, Minneapolis, will bring complete information about this new service which is intended to help the small home builder.

AN EXPLANATION

THE CRAFTSMAN wishes to express its deep regret as well as to offer an apology to Mr. William Faversham for the blunder on page 357 of the January number. The lower picture on the page carries a completely misleading title. It is really a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" with Miss Loftus and Mr. Faversham, and it is presented in the magazine unfortunately as a scene from "Othello." That this should have happened is one of those bewildering things which occasionally occurs in spite of the most rigid care and painstaking supervision of a magazine. We can only account for it by the fact that the picture must have come to us wrongly marked, and have gone hurriedly through the press without reaching the authority that would have recognized the mistake and corrected it.

As THE CRAFTSMAN is a most sincere admirer of Mr. Faversham's and appreciates so thoroughly and profoundly what he has accomplished for the production of Shakespeare in the most noble way in this country, we regret the mistake the more deeply, not only as a magazine, an audience, but as a lover of all great effort to bring to the American stage distinction and beauty.

HOME GARDENS UNDER SCHOOL DIRECTION

HOME GARDENS UNDER SCHOOL DIRECTION

(From the Bureau of Education, Washington.)

IT is good to feel that back of every little new garden in America is our wise government waiting and willing to help in time of need, that when in doubt or trouble we may turn to this body of experts and find the best of help. There is much that is stimulating and helpful in the bulletin we here quote in full, about how to plant little gardens; but if additional instruction is desired a request for aid, to the Bureau of Education, will receive prompt and sympathetic attention. We hope many hundreds of schools will avail themselves of the advice given in this bulletin.

1. Clean up backyard.
2. Provide drainage where needed.
3. Select crops that will give so far as possible continuous use of the ground and a continuous supply of vegetables from early spring to late fall.
4. Secure good seed from a reliable seedsman. This is very important.
5. Use good stable manure freely if possible.
6. Make a good seed bed by digging deeply and by vigorous use of the hoe and rake.
7. Plant in long straight rows.
8. Keep down weeds and thin out superfluous plants.
9. Maintain a loose soil mulch by frequent use of the hoe, rake, or wheel hoe.
10. Keep a close watch for insects and disease.

This article is intended to supply garden supervisors with some information for immediate use in conducting the present season's work. Similar circulars dealing with other phases of the work will be prepared from time to time. The garden specialists of the Bureau are prepared to supply specific information bearing upon the practical work of the garden.

There are abundant local opportunities for gaining information relating to gardening. Seed catalogues usually give specific directions for the culture of most crops. Some seed houses have these directions printed on the seed packages. The United States Department of Agriculture has many bulletins relating to gardening that may be obtained free upon application. The various State colleges and experiment stations issue bulletins for free distribution and are prepared to answer inquiries by correspondence.

CLEANING UP THE BACKYARD

In order that all available space may be utilized for the growing of vegetables, the

backyard should be completely rid of all rubbish. If there is only a small amount of ground it will be very helpful if any high board fence can be replaced with one made of chicken wire. This will allow a maximum amount of light and a free circulation of air, both of which are desirable for the best development of the plants and the prevention of such diseases as mildew. Board fences are sometimes objectionable in that they often prevent free surface drainage. The yard should be so graded that no water will stand on the surface of the ground. Sometimes an open ditch leading into the alleyway or on to some lower ground will be necessary.

SELECTION OF CROPS

Beginners in gardening should be encouraged in the selection of the more easily grown crops, such as onions, radish, lettuce, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, beets, tomatoes and cabbages. Too frequently the boys and girls select too many crops and fail to raise enough of any to be of use for either the home or market. For market purposes, the fewer the crops, consistent with continuous cropping, the greater the chances for success. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the necessity for selecting crops that will be required to supply the home or for which there is a good market. In this connection, also, we should select crops that fit into the general cropping scheme and those that will give a continuous succession of crops. The following crops are suggested for the various seasons:

First Planting (early spring).—Radish, onion sets, spinach, kale, turnips, garden peas, lettuce (from plants, if obtainable), cabbage and cauliflower.

Second Planting (from two to four weeks later).—Beans, beets, carrots, corn, parsley and white potatoes.

Third Planting (from two to three weeks later).—Beans, beets, tomatoes, eggplants, melons, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, okra and corn.

Fourth Planting (August).—Beans, beets, white potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips and mustard.

Fifth Planting (late September and October).—Onion sets, lettuce (from plants), spinach, kale, mustard, turnips and cabbage.

In the Southern sections these five seasonal groups of crops are recognized. The crops of the fifth group are harvested dur-

HOME GARDENS UNDER SCHOOL DIRECTION

ing the winter months or in the early spring. In the Northern sections the first four groups only are recognized, except when the crops are given some protection by means of cold frames. Some of the crops of the fourth group also, when planted in August, will not mature in the North.

PROCURE GOOD SEED

The first step in this direction is to send to some reliable seed firm for catalogues. The individual orders from the pupils may be combined into one common order and special prices obtained. Seed may be purchased either by the package or in bulk. Orders should be put in early, for there should be no delay when the planting season arrives and the supply of seed of the most popular varieties soon becomes exhausted. Many dealers put out seed in penny or two penny packages. The seed catalogue usually gives the amount of seed required for a certain length of row.

PREPARATION OF SOIL

The soil should be broken up in the spring just as early as possible, and yet it should not be handled while wet. Sandy soil may be worked much earlier than clay soil, and is therefore better adapted to early cropping.

A spading fork is probably the best tool with which to break up the soil. Deep spading gives better opportunity for root development.

A liberal dressing of well-rooted stable manure spaded into the soil supplies plant food, improves the physical condition and serves to hold moisture during dry seasons. Lime is often beneficial in that it "sweetens" the soil, or neutralizes the acid character. Soils that fail to give good results after receiving attention in other ways will usually respond to an application of lime. (Apply at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre.) It may be applied in the fall or just before spading in the spring. In order that the seed may have the most favorable conditions for germination and that the small seedlings may be given a good opportunity to develop, the soil should be well pulverized before planting.

PLANTING

Planting should always be done in long straight rows, for this facilitates cultivation and contributes to the appearance. A garden line or some heavy twine may be used for the purpose. Many of the crops, like

onions, spinach, radishes, carrots, beets, turnips, parsnips, salsify and lettuce, may be planted in rows about eighteen inches apart. Other crops, like corn, tomatoes, potatoes, okra and lima beans, require more room, and should be planted in rows about three feet apart. (See seed catalogues.) In general, the small seeds should be planted shallow; that is, no more than one inch in depth. The large seeds require a depth from two to three inches. The depth of planting is dependent to some extent upon the character and condition of the soil. The lighter and warmer the soil, the deeper the seeds should be planted. When the soil is heavy and somewhat cold, it is safer to plant slightly shallower.

The soil should be made firm over the seed after planting. This is usually done by patting it with a hoe. In transplanting plants, also, the soil should be well firmed about the roots.

THINNING AND WEEDING

As a rule seeds are sown thicker than is necessary and the superfluous plants resulting must be regarded as weeds. The superfluous plants of such crops as beets, onions, carrots and spinach may be used for "greens" or salad, or they may be transplanted. All weeds, of course, should be promptly removed. A small hand tool, called a weeder, is useful for the purpose.

CARE OF THE GROWING CROP

Frequent and thorough cultivation is most essential in successful gardening. Cultivation liberates plant food, preserves moisture and improves the sanitary condition of the soil. An effort should be made to keep a loose, dust-like mulch on the surface to prevent the evaporation of water. To maintain this mulch it will be necessary to cultivate soon after each rain or each watering. (Do not cultivate while the soil is sticky.)

A good hoe and a steel rake are the necessary tools, the former for use when the soil is hard or when large weeds are present; the latter for preparing the ground and for maintaining the soil mulch. A wheel hoe is very useful and will save much time in cultivating.

When artificial watering is practiced, it should be remembered that one heavy application is better than many sprinklings.

Keep a close watch for insects and disease.

BOOK REVIEWS



ST. JULIEN LE PAUVRE.

BOOK REVIEWS

PARIS PAST AND PRESENT: EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME: TEXT BY E. A. TAYLOR

(Continued from page 476.)

IT would be hard to resist speaking so at length of treasured memories of Paris, after looking upon the wonderful etchings, drawings and lithographs in the book, "Paris Past and Present," recently issued by the John Lane Company. A finer collection of pictures or more charmingly written comments of Paris could scarcely be associated under one cover than is here found. The river, bridges and quais, the churches, old streets, houses and markets,

public buildings, monuments and gardens of Paris have furnished the inspiration for the pens of such distinguished artists as B  jot, Brangwyn, Raffaelli, Arnaut, Hornby, Armington, Pernot and many others, and for the text by E. A. Taylor. Each of the two hundred or more illustrations so skilfully assembled, showing Paris as the world knows and loves it, under all moods and seasons of nature, is well worth a frame and choice position upon the walls of a home. The book is ably edited by Charles Holme. (Published by John Lane Co., New York. 200 pages. Price \$3.00 net.)

FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES: BY FRITZ KREISLER

NO more vivid picture of actual life in the trenches has been offered than this small book by the warrior-musician whom America has so taken into her heart. A man who had the physical power to endure tremendous fatigue and excitement in actual conflict, yet with a sensitiveness that noted the "discrepancy in the whine produced by the different shells in their rapid flight through the air, some sounding shrill with a rising tendency and the others rather dull with a falling cadence" is surely to be listened to with eagerness. How extraordinary that the sensitive ear of a musician was enabled to give the exact range of the enemy's gun by the quality of sound of the on-rushing shells. He has given us in this condensed account some stern facts that enable us to

appreciate to some extent at least, the state of excitement that overcomes personal fear. "It should not be forgotten," he says, "that the gigantic upheaval which changed the fundamental condition of life overnight and threatened the very existence of nations naturally dwarfed the individual into nothingness, and the existing interest in the common welfare left practically no room for personal considerations."

From the first page of this small book to the last, where he discarded his beloved uniform for the "nondescript garb of the civilian," his words grip and carry the reader along, with a rushing, magnificent interpretation of life as his music stirs the listener, lifts him out of his usual self and bears him away to the fine heights of fancy. (Pub-

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lished by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. Illustrated. 86 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE FREELANDS: BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ANY book by this great thinker and distinguished novelist is certain to be eagerly received by the vast world of fiction lovers. In this book, to all purpose but the story of two youthful lovers, readers will, all unawares, be brought face to face with vital social and political questions of the day and be compelled to give them serious thought. All through the tale love in many of its wonderful aspects is shown to be the power of the world. Beside the romantic love of the two young folk, that so quickly develops and broadens their lives, is the beautiful devotion of a wise mother for her son, of a father's sympathetic understanding of his daughter, of a rare working comradeship of a man and his wife, of a dull laborer for the woman denied him and of a group of people for a great cause.

Mr. Galsworthy brings all the fulness of his powers to a delineation of the varied phases of love, and no living writer has greater skill in creating real flesh and blood people. With his exquisite pen he draws for us virile men and women living real lives, facing great questions with courage and undaunted faith. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.35 net.)

THE IMMIGRANTS: BY PERCY MacKAYE, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

THE production of this lyric drama, the score of which was written by Mr.

Frederick S. Converse, was delayed, as has been the case with many another operatic work, by the war; but since its message is so timely it has been decided to launch it in its present form, not waiting for the stage presentation.

Mr. Howe in his introduction says that "Mr. MacKaye has truthfully presented the industrial maelstrom into which the foreigner falls in the great cities, the mines, the mills, the slaughter houses, and sweatshops, where he is exploited by reason of his ignorance, and made in many instances to feel that America differs only in name from the countries from which he has fled.

"In his lyric drama Mr. MacKaye has

portrayed for us the incoming alien as a human being with elemental emotions, sympathies and tragedies like our own; presenting him first in his native land as the prey of greedy representatives of international business interests, and then as an incoming immigrant, moved—like our own ancestors—to cast in his lot with the land of freedom in the hope of better things." (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 138 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE STORY OF YONE NOGUCHI; TOLD BY HIMSELF

THIS story of the "Homeless Snail," told by himself, is extremely interesting. We often read experiences of our own people in foreign lands, of their humorous mistakes and heroic struggles to adapt themselves to strange conditions of life, but seldom do we have so charming an opportunity to see the inner working of the mind of a dreamy, poetic lad struggling to conquer our complicated language, understand our outlook on life and adjust himself to our strenuous way of living. It takes courage to plunge into the maelstrom of a new life and attempt to wrest a living from it while learning to speak its language.

The usual path to American knowledge for youthful Japanese—dish-washing in some California home—was trodden by the young Noguchi, though his mind was ever in the clouds and a book of poetry in his pocket. His long stay with Joaquin Miller, whom he took to be a *sennin* or "hermit who lived on dew," his association with *The Lark*, in its brilliant two year's life; his comments on the "city of men, Chicago," on his first London experience, his impression of Japan on returning there after an eleven years' absence, and his chapter on Charles Warren Stoddard, should bring him additional renown in this land where his poems have already won for him a host of friends. (Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. 255 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR: BY PERCY MacKAYE

THIS most interesting suggestion for a substitute of war first appeared in the *North American Review*, May 15th. Irving Fisher says in his introduction that "the armies of peace have a nobler kind of work to do than the armies of war and

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their work often requires as much courage and self sacrifice, yet they do not fascinate as war fascinates for the reason that they are, as Mr. MacKaye says, drab." As he points out they have no bright uniforms, flags, ballads, brass bands or other forms of dramatic interpretation. Mr. MacKaye explains that his object in this essay "is to suggest that the 'moral equivalent of war' can be made fascinating and effectual by utilizing (and perhaps only by utilizing) the dynamic arts of the theatre to give it symbolical expression." (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 55 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP: A CIVIC RITUAL DEVISED FOR PLACES OF PUBLIC MEETING IN AMERICA: BY PERCY MacKAYE

THIS short masque, the object of which is to provide a pioneer step in helping to create an appropriate national ritual by American citizens, should be given by every school or civic society all over our country, for it symbolizes the main historical significance of American liberty, while introducing the new meaning of Americanization of today. It can be produced on a simple or most elaborate scale. This is really a stirring drama and is well worth reading by all thinkers. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 92 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

QUILTS: THEIR STORY AND HOW TO MAKE THEM: BY MARIE D. WEBSTER

EVERY craftsman and lover of old-fashioned things will be glad to know that Miss Webster has incorporated some of her lore in this thoroughly delightful book. It would seem as though the sins of omission could never be visited upon this studious writer, for truly little has been left unsaid in this book on the pleasant matter of patchwork making. Patterns to work from, a fascinating list of names, quaint histories and traditions, beautiful pictures help to make this book one of the most attractive of the recent hand-craft books. Every New Englander, collector, antiquarian should possess this book, that so far as we know is the only one ever published covering this subject. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Illustrated. Price \$2.50 net.)

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LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FOR BOYS AND GIRLS: BY JACQUELINE OVERTON

THIS book is dedicated to all boys who love to tramp and camp and seek adventure, with the hope of making them better friends with a man, who also loved these things.

It tells of the lighthouse builder ancestors who put romance into the life of the boy who wanted to write instead of to study engineering, speaks of the books that formed his ideals, of his adventures in America, his life at Vailima. A pleasant little book for grown-ups as well as boys. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Illustrated. 180 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE: BY EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

IN this small book, another contribution to the Art of Life Series, the author deals with the problems of personal relationship in a way that gives the reader new insight into the meaning of life and the laws governing it. No attempt is made to formulate dogmatic theories on correct living, for the book is only intended to set the reader thinking and to evolving principles of living for himself. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 74 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING: THEIR QUALITIES AND MEANINGS: BY LOUISE ROGERS JEWETT

THE author, late professor of art of Mt. Holyoke College, designed this book as a plan of preparatory study of the great masters. The intention was to stimulate the sense of true appreciation and to deepen the enjoyment of art through better understanding of it. In its keen comments, historical outlines, notes on the painters, reading and pronouncing lists and its nineteen illustrations it has amply fulfilled its purpose. (Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass. 160 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART: BY H. H. POWERS

THIS handbook is not the history but the message of Greek art. The subject is never disassociated in thought from its

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background of Greek civilization and history and derives its chief interest to the reader from the fact that it constantly reveals and interprets this large fact. It tells of the personality of the Greeks, their ideals and experiences and the manner of its outpicturing in certain great works of art. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 340 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"**CRIMINALS**": A one-act play about marriage, by George Middleton, intended for the reading public only. Another of the interesting one-act plays of Mr. Middleton, which have attracted such wide attention. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 43 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

"The Passing of Mars": A Modern Morality Play, by Marguerite Wilkinson. This short play written by Mrs. Wilkinson, whose poems are already so familiar to the readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, is published by herself in pamphlet form as an experiment at her home in Coronado, California. Price 50 cents.

"Carnegie Endowment for International Peace": Year Book for 1915. (2 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.)

"Carnegie Endowment for International Peace": Division of Intercourse and Education: Publication No. 7. For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbors. A Journey to South America: by Robert Bacon. (Published in Washington, D. C.)

"The Invasion of America": A Fact Story Based on the Inexorable Mathematics of War, by Julius W. Muller. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated. 352 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

"Occupation Therapy," A Manual for Nurses, by William R. Dunton, Jr., M. D., Assistant Physician at Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospitals, Towson, Md.; Instructor in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University. (Published by W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia and London. 43 illustrations. 240 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

"Your Baby," by Dr. E. B. Lowry, a book which every young mother should possess, another of Dr. Lowry's helpful contributions to the betterment of health. (Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. 254 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

"The A-B-C of National Defense," by J. W. Muller; What the Army and Navy

would have to do in war, why they would have to do it, and what they need for successful performance. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 215 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

TO ALL INTERESTED IN MUSIC IN AMERICA

THE enthusiasm aroused by the series of music articles that is appearing in *THE CRAFTSMAN* has been so phenomenal and has returned to us so generous and encouraging an appreciation that we have decided to extend still further the radius of its influence by making an offer that will put the articles into the hands of every music lover, every student and every school in this country. People who are unable to gain inspiration and knowledge of music conditions by personal attendance at the recitals given in our leading cities, yet who wish to keep in touch with music conditions, cannot afford to be unacquainted with these articles. They have been written by the leading symphony conductors of America, so are the fullest possible expression of our musical situation.

In the six articles the question has been covered in as many widely different ways, each bearing its full measure of interest, each provoking thought and stimulating consideration. For instance, in the first number, "Music and Our Children," published in October, Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, voices his opinion as follows:

"The way to love music, to increase its production, is to know it when you are young, young individually and young as a nation. It is much more difficult to prepare people to enjoy music after they are grown up and their minds have become crowded with various interests in life. The American nation should not let its youth slip by without filling the souls of the children with music. There is no reason why you should not have many great composers here, many creators of wonderful sound, new kinds of music fresh out of the heart of a new kind of civilization. 'Nature has a sound for every emotion': so that in a world filled with new emotion the music of the people should be full of extraordinary new sounds and harmonies."

In the November number Artur Bodanzky, the new conductor of the Metro-

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politan Opera House, discusses the question, "Has America No Time for Music?" When he was asked which he felt to be the more important work, conducting an opera or a symphony concert, he said that, "speaking wholly as an artist, the more significant work to a conductor is the symphony. In conducting an opera, one is what you would call side-tracked in many directions."

The December issue contains an article by Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on "The Music of Democracy." This has created widespread controversy because of his expressed opinion concerning rag-time. Even England has been aroused to open comment. He says:

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical development has rested. But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music."

Dr. Ernst Kunwald, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, takes up the question of "Music Festivals as a Source of Education in America." He begins the discussion in this way: "I believe that the way for America to become a musical nation is for all the people, young and old, rich and poor, *to wish to play good music*. When you play music yourself, serious music, Chamber music, you at once become a better listener, because the best music, the music that has been taken from the rich storehouse of the genius of the world, *must be understood*, it must be studied, and the way to study a thing is along the line of perfecting yourself in it. The more you study music, the more cultivated your mind becomes, and the more you play classical music, the more you realize all its variations, its difficulties, its power, the inspiration which gave birth to it and the joy which its production must forever give the world. The reason that I believe in symphonic institutions is that I am confident that people who attend the symphony orchestra regularly, who grow to love it, who

follow the music with intelligence as well as emotion, will eventually desire to play the music, and once we have audiences for our concerts, who are musicians themselves, we will begin to create great music in America."

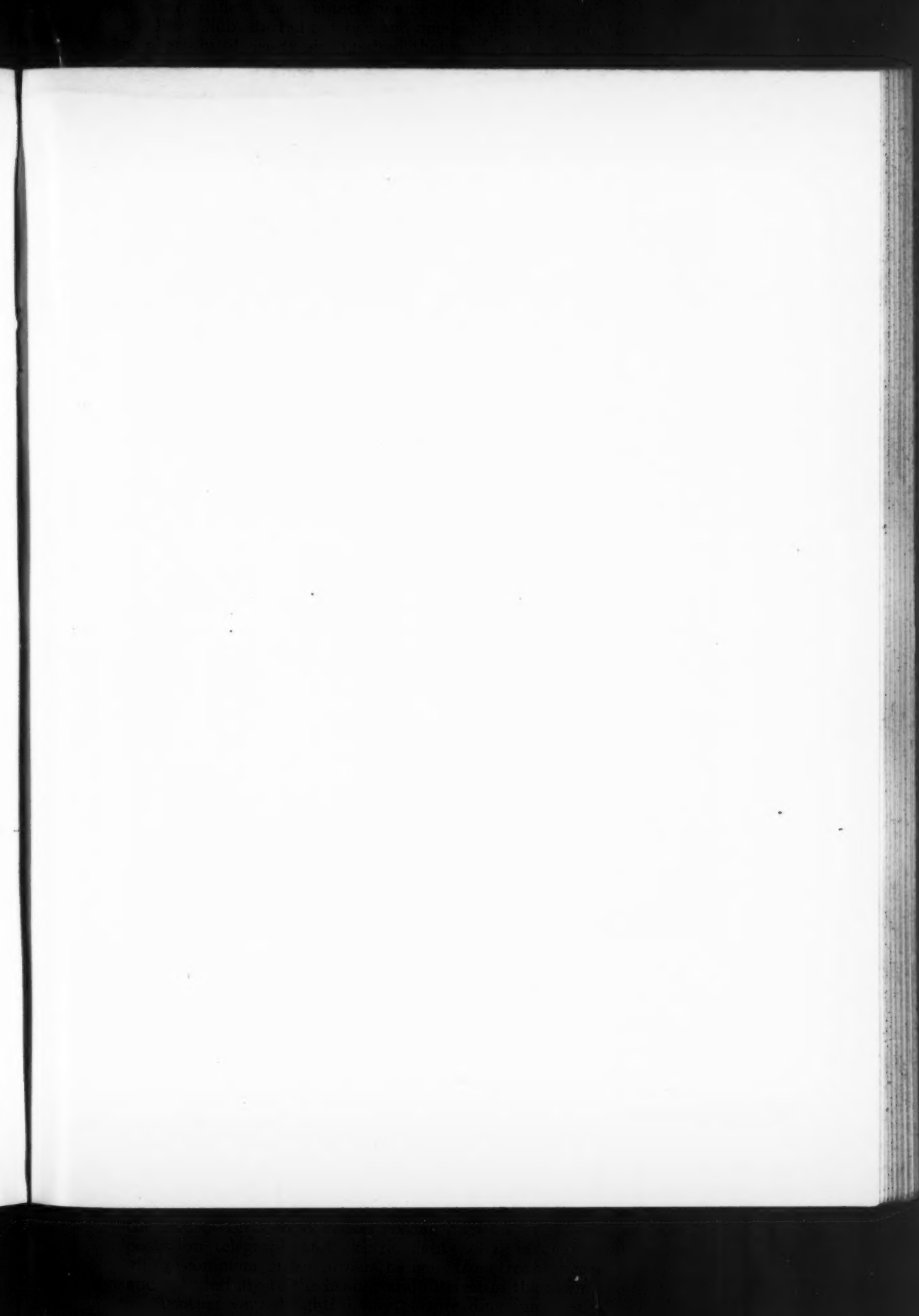
The article should be read by every music club in every city or town of our country, for it brings out points that cannot afford to be overlooked.

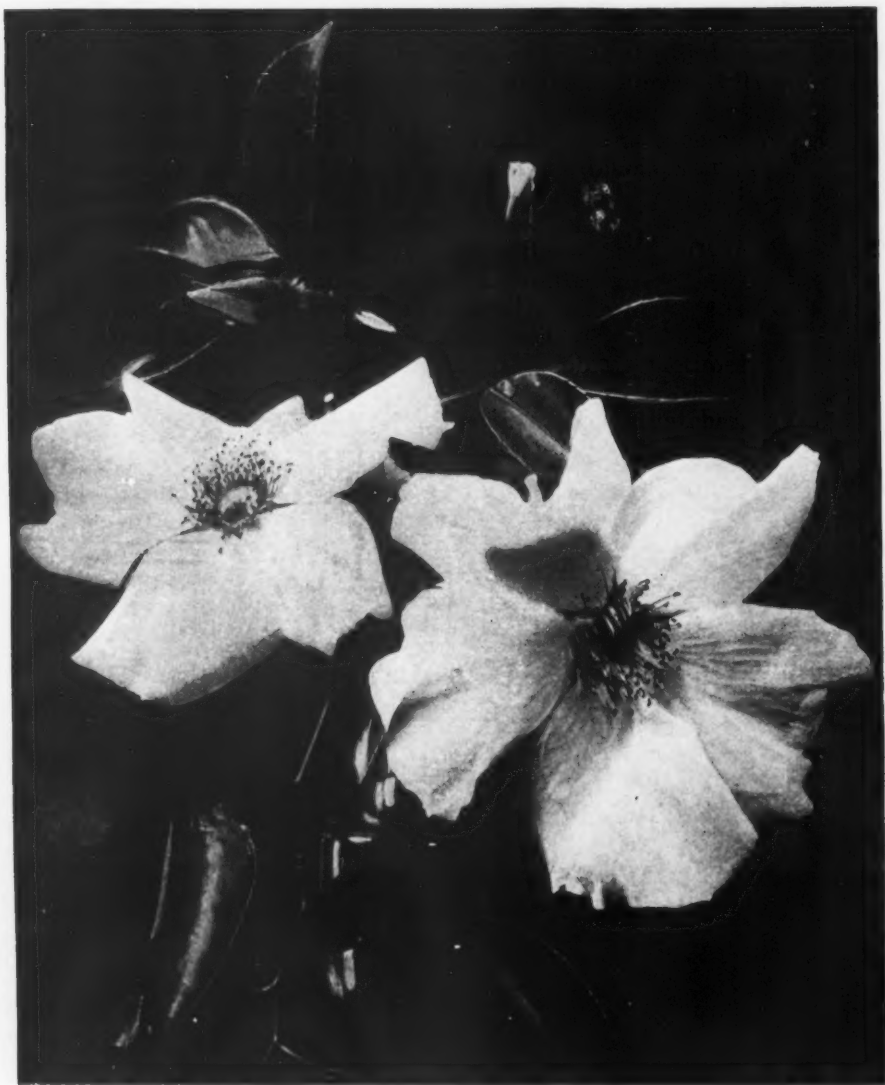
Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, gives light as to "Where Does America Stand Musically as Creator, Producer and Audience?" in this number.

The last article will be by Mr. Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, who will present in an article, "Music in the West," his experience of many years' standing. No one is better fitted than Mr. Stock to give us a résumé of the development of music and prophecy of its future.

That every one may have the pleasure of reading these articles, we are making the offer of the Six Numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in which they occur for \$1.00. This covers not only the Beautiful Christmas Issue, but the Largest and Most Beautiful Issue of a Garden Number, we truly think ever published, which will be in March. The articles on Music cut out and bound singly would prove to be a valuable volume on the question of music in America, a volume such as has never been gotten out, either individually or by any magazine or newspaper. The subject has never been covered so completely or masterfully before. One reason for this is the growing demand for more information of music and the growing interest and love for music everywhere shown.

In addition to this Musical Offer, we are making a General Offer, namely, a Fifteen Months' Subscription to *THE CRAFTSMAN* for the Sum of \$3.00. If the subscriber has a preference for the Musical Numbers the subscription can begin with the October issue. However, with this special offer of fifteen months for \$3.00, we extend the privilege of beginning any month most desired. These two offers will enable people to have either the six numbers which cover music, or more than a year, which will include also a series of articles on "The American Home of the Future," written by representative architects of the East, West, South and Middle States.





Photograph by Eden Philpotts.

FROM THE HIGH HIMALAYAS is this *rosa lævigata*
naturalized in the West as the Cherokee rose.